

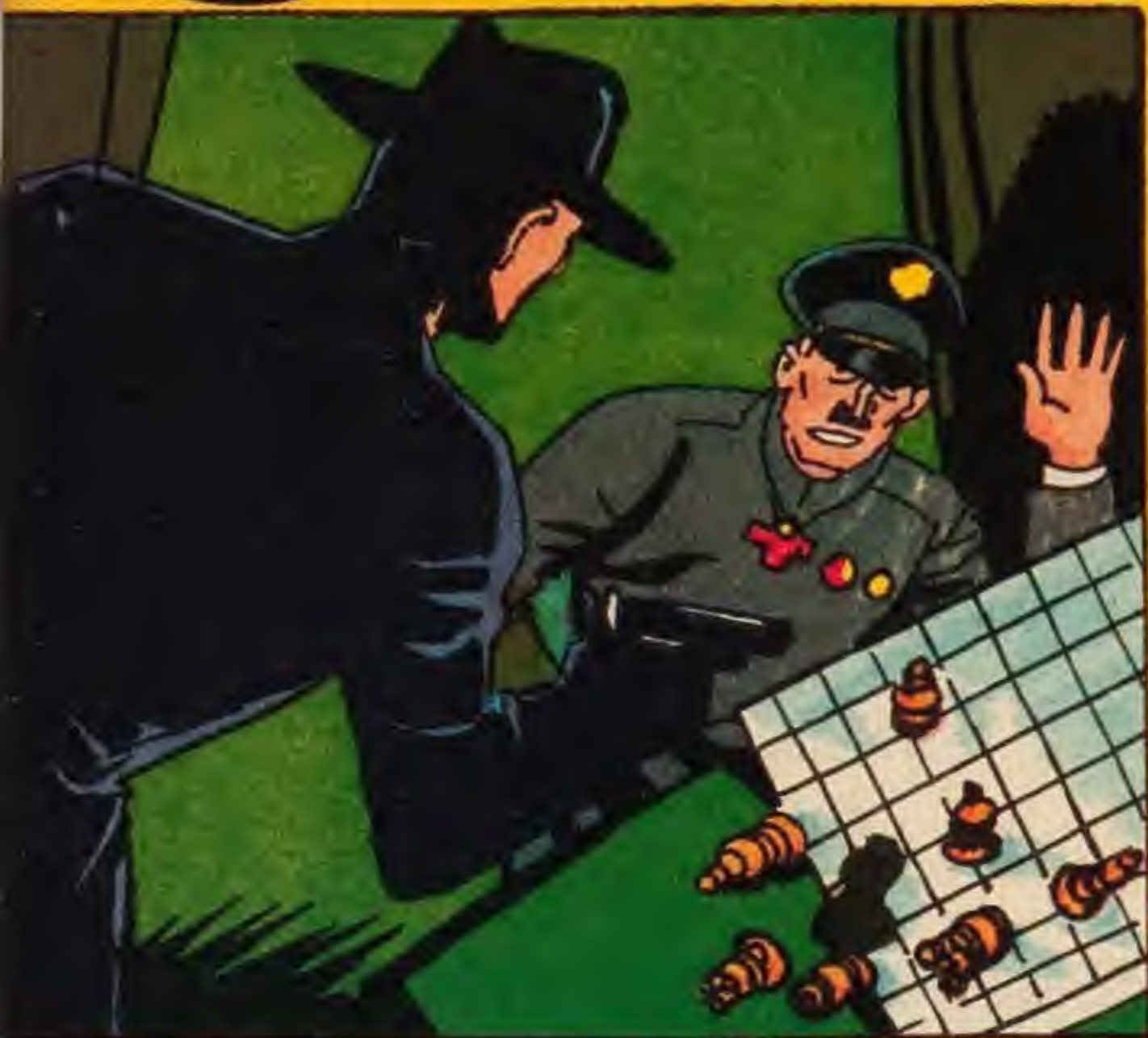
THE BEST BUY IN COMICS 10¢
52 PAGES

OCTOBER 1946 VOL. 6 NO. 7

Shadow

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS



CHICK CARTER—World Famous Detective



THE SHADOW—Crime Fighter Supreme



DOC SAVAGE—Science Versus Crime



KILLERS CAN'T WIN—A Western Thriller

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A most interesting Letter

WE quote from a letter which we recently received. "This picture was taken in the Philippine Islands in the mountains of LUZON. This little native girl was weaving a rug and every now and then she'd pick up her copy of the SHADOW COMICS and read it.

"She kept the magazine at her side all the time. Most of the time in her sewing basket.

"I tried to buy the magazine from her but she wouldn't part with her magazine for anything I could offer.

cordially yours,
Robert G. Cecka
Chicago, Ill."



JEAN H. 10/18/54
The SHADOW COMICS

READ AND LOVED 'ROUND THE WORLD

1/2
2/2
3/2

George Cecka

The Shadow 1/4a 1/4a

Shadow COMICS

Ivan H. Dattels, Associate Editor

Wm. J. de Grouchy, Editor

Charles J. Ravel, Art Editor

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Printed in the U. S. A.

The Shadow CONQUERS CRIME IN CENTRALBA



"WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? THE SHADOW KNOWS! AND THIS LETTER BRINGS TIDINGS OF CRIME IN CENTRALBA, AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN LAND WHERE CASTENAGO RULES AS THE VERY MAN OF EVIL WHOSE SWAY MUST BE ENDED BY THE ONLY CHAMPION OF JUSTICE WHOSE POWER CAN STRIKE UNSEEN.
THE SHADOW!!!

The "Comic" That Proves
CRIME
DOES NOT PAY!!

AFTER A TRIP
ACROSS THE
CARIBBEAN, A
BIG FOUR-MOTORED
PLANE COMES
TO A LANDING
AT THE AIRPORT
OF LIBERTAD,
THE CAPITAL
CITY OF THE
REPUBLIC OF
CENTRALBA...



SO THIS IS
LIBERTAD,
WHICH MEANS
LIBERTY! BUT
WHAT ARE THESE
OFFICERS...
CUSTOMS MEN?

THEY'RE THE
GATOMONTES, OR
SECRET POLICE
WORKING FOR A MAN
NAMED CASTENAGO...
AND THEY STAND
FOR ANYTHING BUT
LIBERTY!

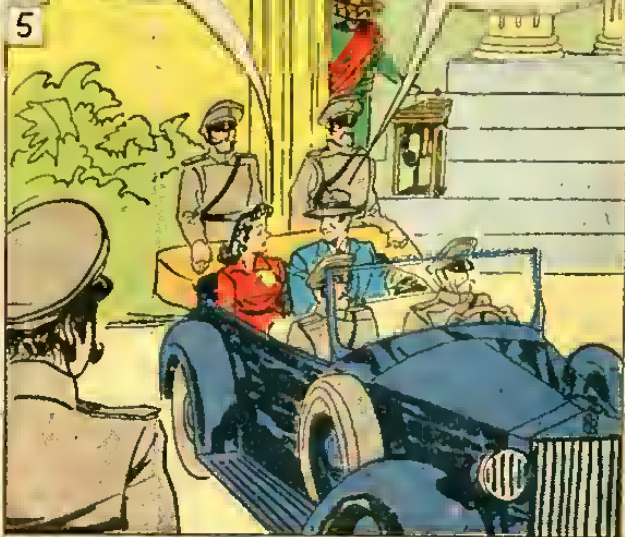


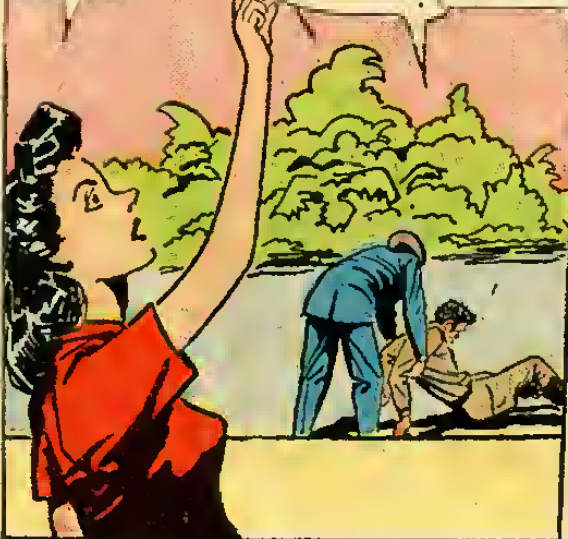
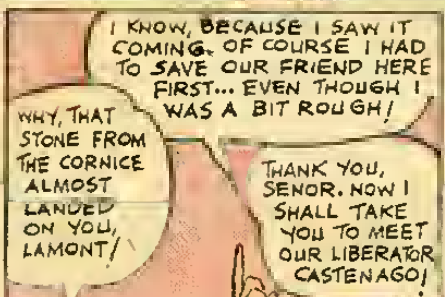
THIS MUST BE THE
PRESIDENTIAL
PALACE! THAT
MEANS WE'LL
MEET YOUR
FRIEND, FRANCISCO
PERIDOR, PRESIDENT
OF CENTRALBA!

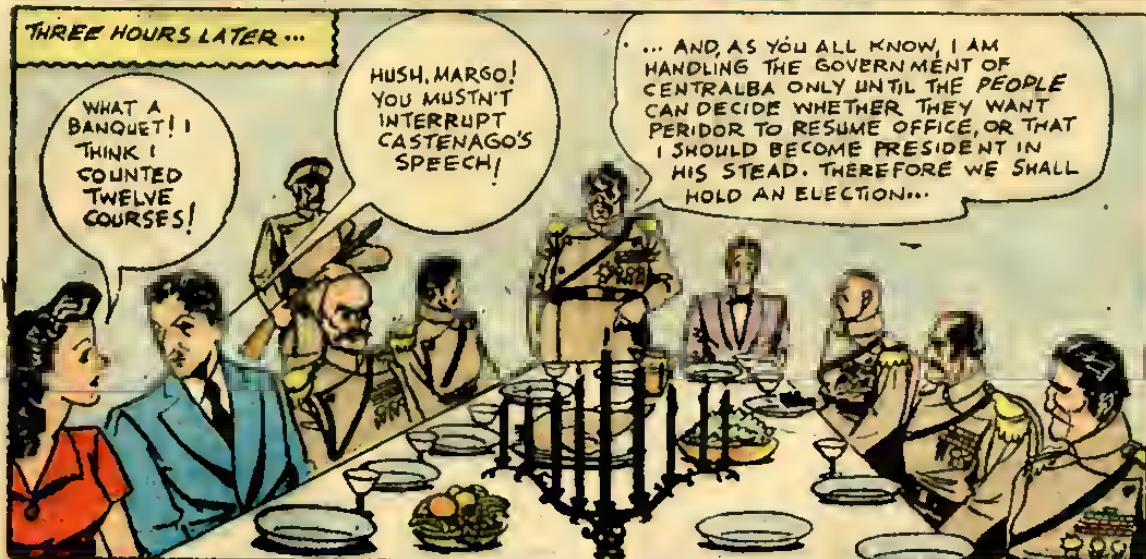
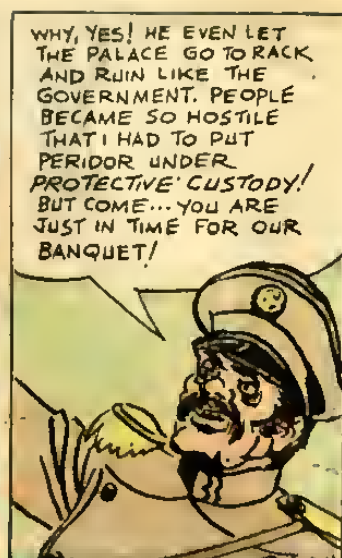
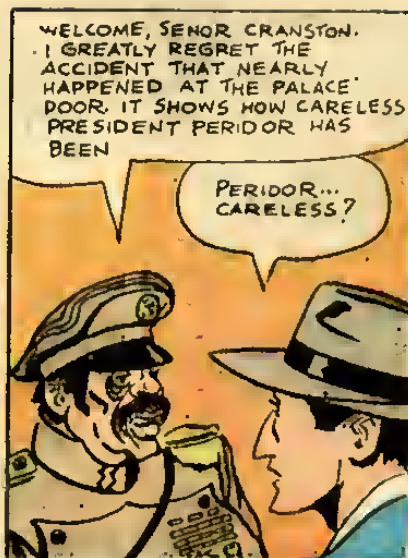
ON THE CONTRARY,
MARGO, IT MEANS
WE WILL MEET
LUIS CASTENAGO,
THE DICTATOR WHO
HAS TAKEN OVER
POWER IN THIS
COUNTRY!

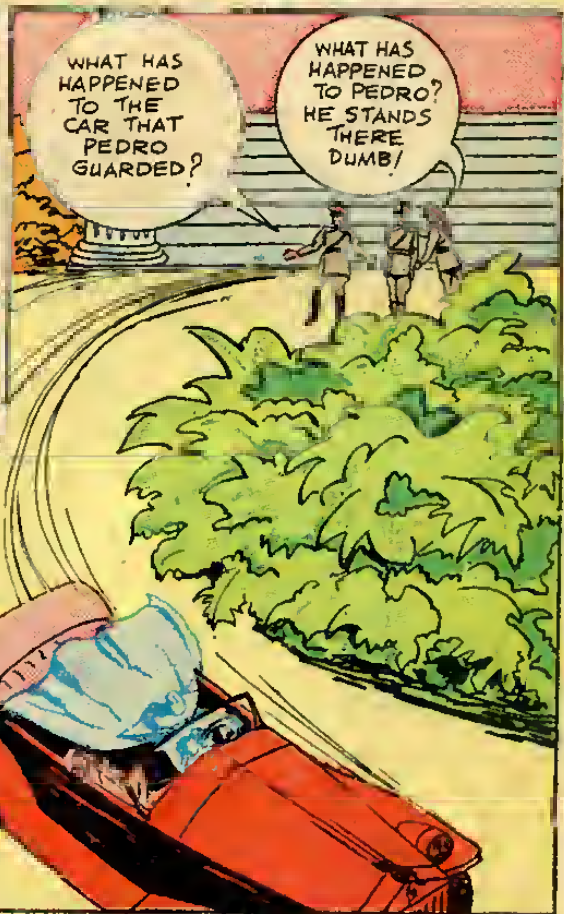
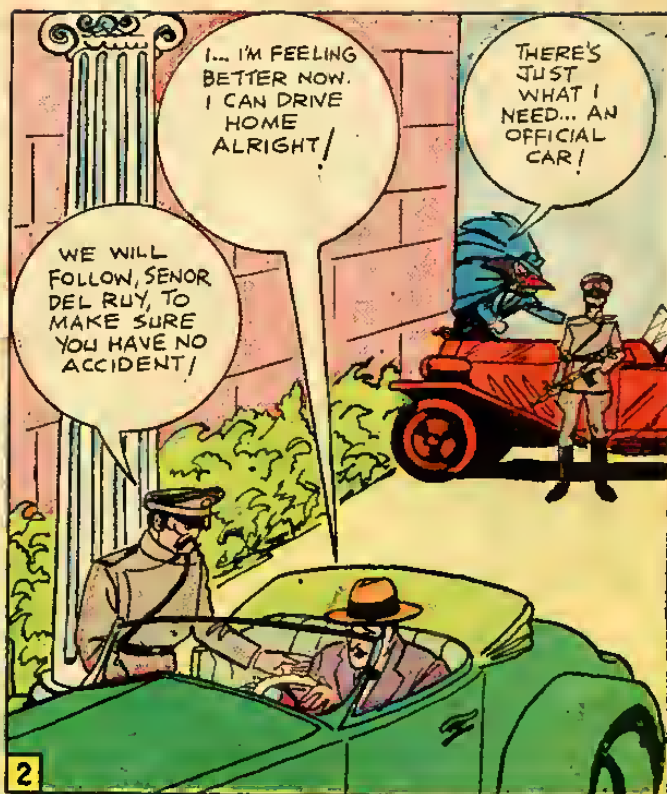
WE ARE TO
ESCORT YOU
INTO THE CITY,
SEÑOR CRANSTON,
AND THE LADY
WILL COME WITH
YOU

NICE OF YOU
TO TAKE SUCH
CARE OF US

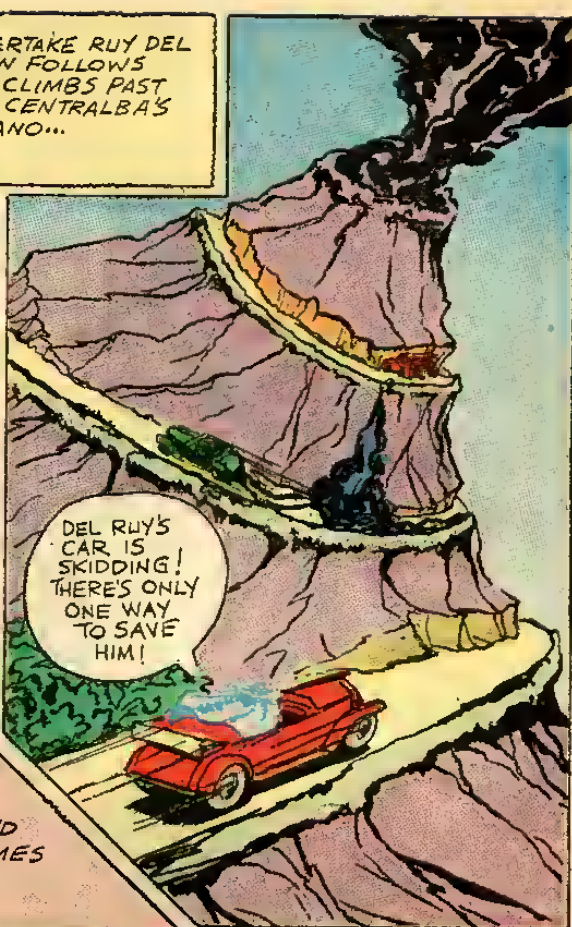
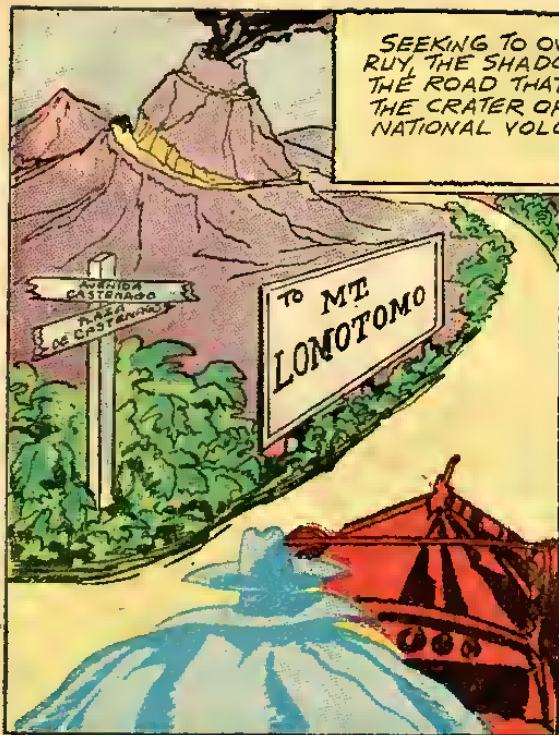






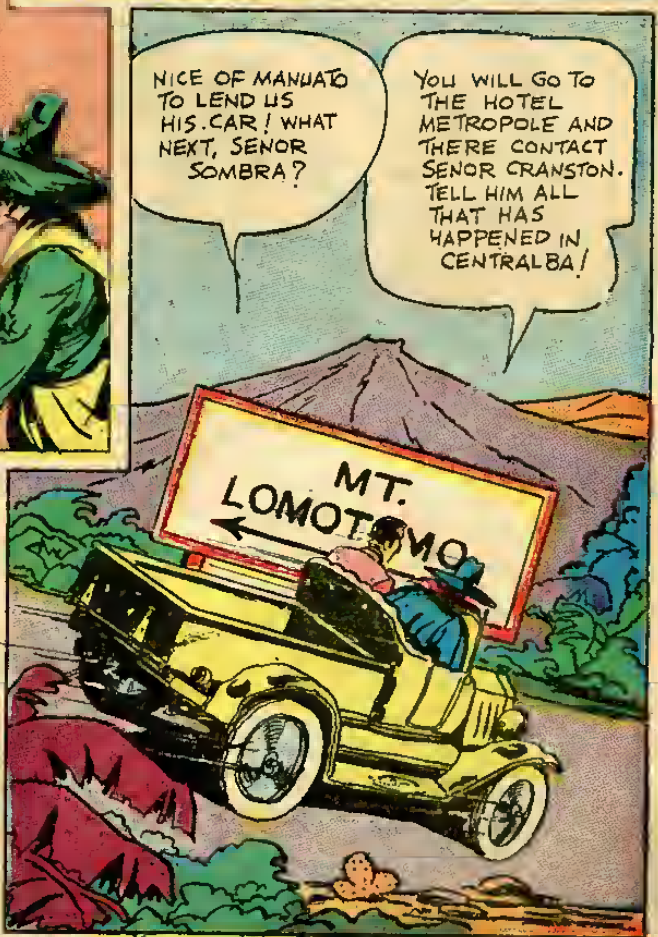
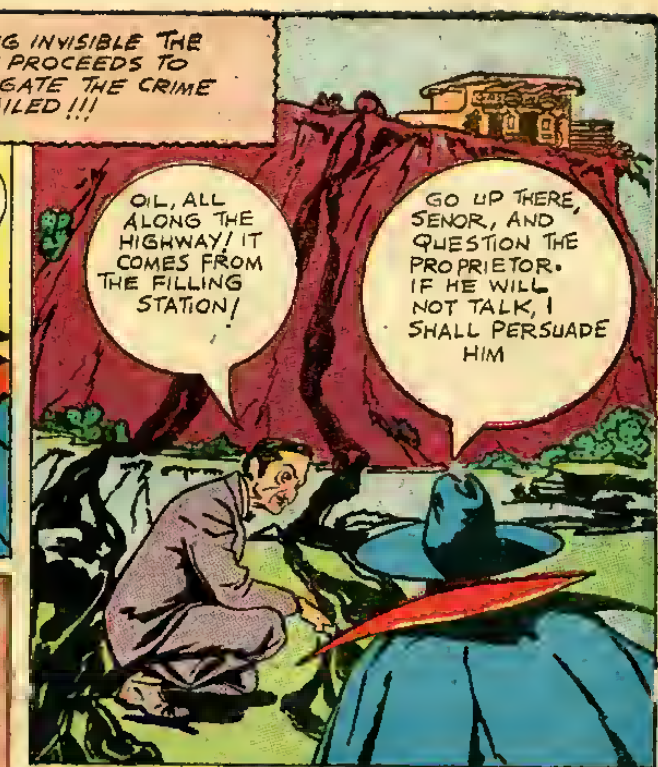
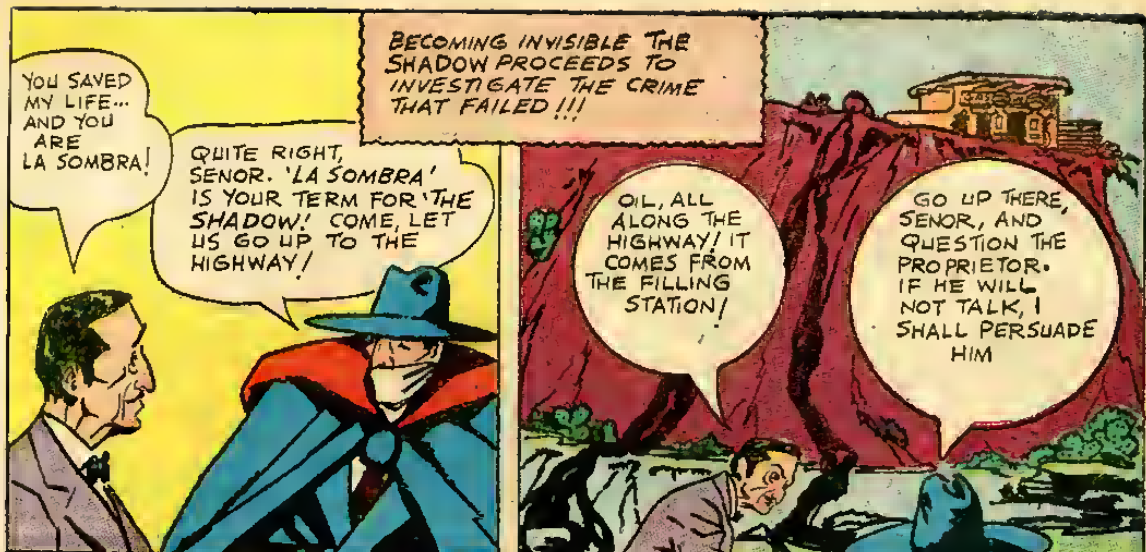


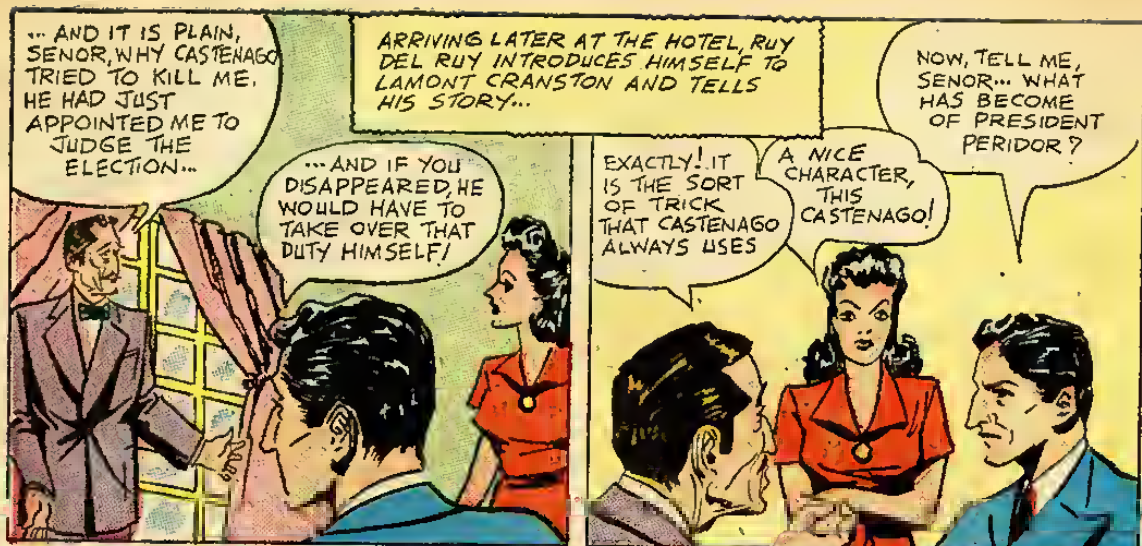
SEEKING TO OVERTAKE RUY DEL RUY, THE SHADOW FOLLOWS THE ROAD THAT CLIMBS PAST THE CRATER OF CENTRALBA'S NATIONAL VOLCANO...



TAKING A SHORT CUT ALONG THE VERY RIM OF THE VOLCANO'S SMOKING CRATER, THE SHADOW OVERTAKES AND INTERCEPTS DEL RUY'S CAR AS IT COMES PLUNGING FROM THE HIGHWAY !!!!!







THE DAWN OF A
NEW DAY APPEARS
ABOVE MT. LOMOTOMO,
BRINGING GREAT
NEWS TO THE
CITIZENS OF
LIBERTAD, THE
CAPITAL CITY
OF CENTRALBA



QUIEN
SABE!

QUIEN
SABE!

WHAT
DOES
'QUIEN
'SABE'
MEAN?

IT MEANS 'WHO
KNOWS'... WHICH
IN TURN MEANS
THAT THESE NATIVES
CAN'T READ THE
ANNOUNCEMENT!

!! GRAND ELECTION !!
VOTE FOR THE NEXT
PRESIDENT
OF THE
REPUBLIC OF CENTRALBA.
VOTE



IF THEY CAN'T
READ, HOW
ARE THEY
GOING TO
VOTE?

SEE THOSE
COLORS, MARGO?
A RED BALLOT WILL
MEAN PERIDOR, A
BLUE BALLOT WILL
MEAN CASTENAGO.
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER, MARGO

PERIDOR

CASTENAGO



BUT, LIBERATOR!
IT IS A GREAT
MISTAKE TO
HOLD A REAL
ELECTION!
WHAT IF
PERIDOR
WINS?

AND ALL WILL
BE FAIR...
FOR CASTENAGO!

BAH! WHO WILL
DARE TO ASK FOR
A RED BALLOT?
MY GATOMONTES
WILL BE ON
HAND TO SEE
THAT EVERYTHING
IS FAIR!

MEANWHILE, I'LL
LOOK IN ON
CASTENAGO...
AS THE SHADOW!





BUT SUPPOSE THAT AFTERWARD, THE PEOPLE ASK WHY THE GATOMONTES WERE NEEDED?

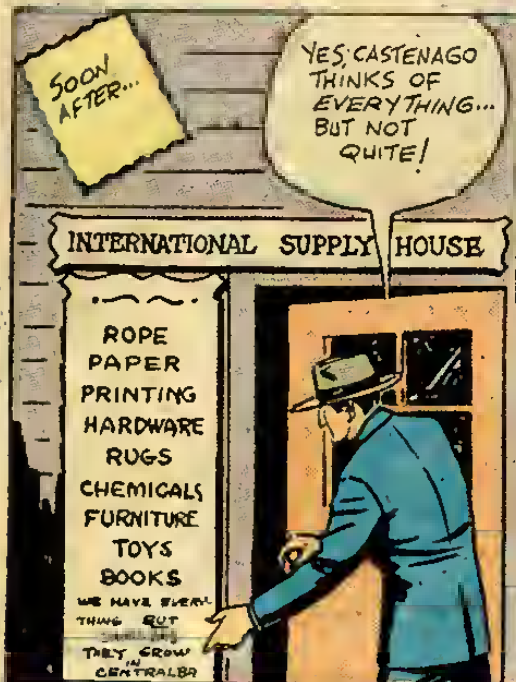
I HAVE PROVIDED FOR THAT! I HAVE HIRED MEN TO ATTACK THE GATOMONTES!



THESE ATTACKERS WILL SHOUT 'VIVA PERIDOR!' AND THEY WILL THROW TEAR-GAS BOMBS! BUT MY BRAVE GATOMONTES WILL PUT ON GAS-MASKS AND DRIVE THEM OFF! AFTER THAT, THE BALLOTS WILL BE COUNTED PUBLICLY!

YOU SEE? CASTENAGO, THE LIBERATOR THINKS OF EVERYTHING!

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!



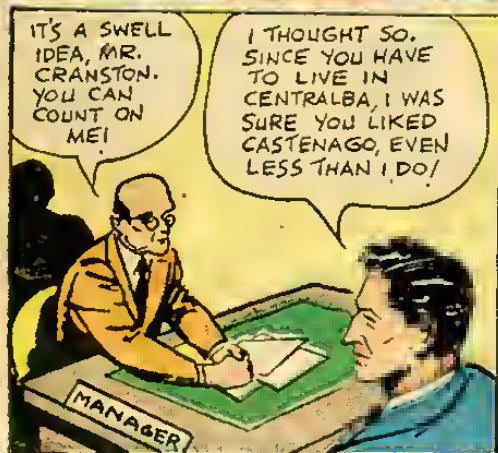
SOON AFTER...

YES, CASTENAGO THINKS OF EVERYTHING... BUT NOT QUITE!

INTERNATIONAL SUPPLY HOUSE

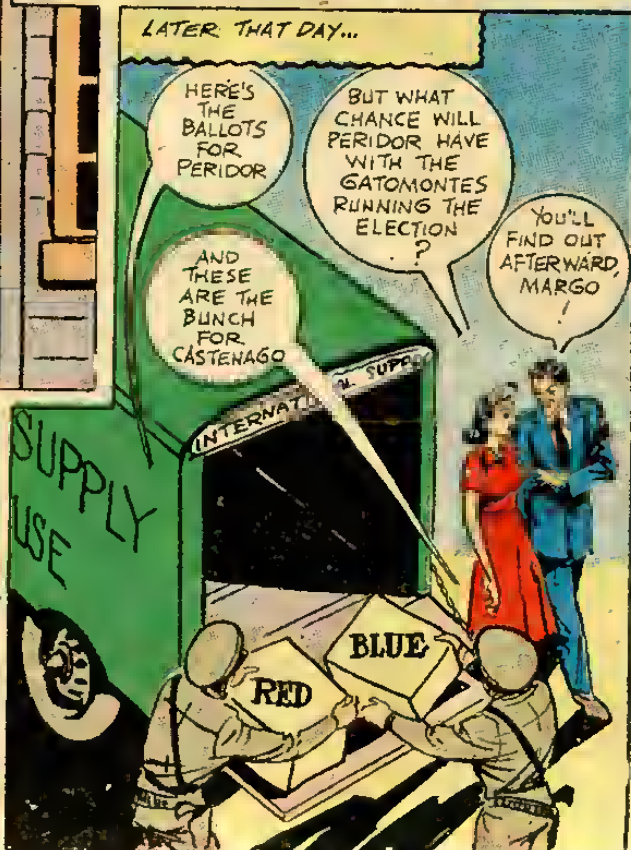
ROPE
PAPER
PRINTING
HARDWARE
RUGS
CHEMICALS
FURNITURE
TOYS
BOOKS

WE HAVE EVERYTHING BUT
THEY GROW IN CENTRALBA



IT'S A SWELL IDEA, MR. CRANSTON. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

I THOUGHT SO. SINCE YOU HAVE TO LIVE IN CENTRALBA, I WAS SURE YOU LIKED CASTENAGO, EVEN LESS THAN I DO!



LATER THAT DAY...

HERE'S THE BALLOTS FOR PERIDOR

BUT WHAT CHANCE WILL PERIDOR HAVE WITH THE GATOMONTES RUNNING THE ELECTION?

YOU'LL FIND OUT AFTERWARD, MARGO!

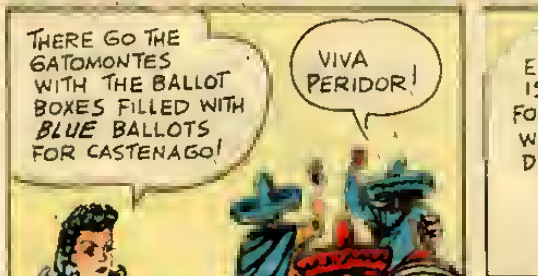
AND THESE ARE THE BUNCH FOR CASTENAGO

INTERNATIONAL SUPPLY

SUPPLY HOUSE

RED

BLUE





HALT!



COME! WE SHALL COUNT THE BALLOTS HERE IN FRONT OF THE PRESIDIO, SO THAT PERIDOR CAN HEAR THE RESULTS IN HIS CELL!



THERE IS MY ENEMY, CASTENAGO, COMPLETING THE FARCE THAT HE CALLS AN ELECTION!

PERIDOR!
COME...
YOU ARE
FREE!



I HEAR A VOICE...
I FIND THE DOOR
OPEN... IT AMAZES
ME!



WE SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHILE I COUNT MY BLUE BALLOTS! BRING THE MARIMBA PLAYER!

COME!
WAKE
UP!

WHAT...
WHAT
HAPPENED?





SOMEBODY
TOSSED A
BOMB AND
IT SAVED
US!

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO MY
FIRING
SQUAD!

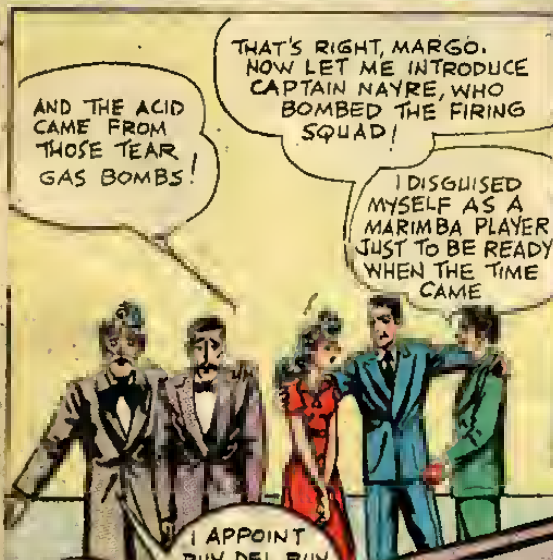
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR SQUAD
IS GOING TO
HAPPEN TO YOU,
CASTENAGO..



... AND RIGHT
NOW!

BUT HOW
DID THESE
BALLOTS
TURN OUT
RED?

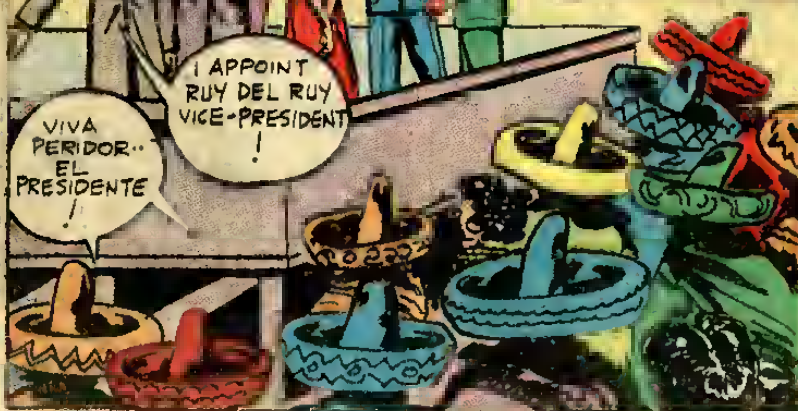
I MADE A DEAL
WITH THE INTERNATIONAL
SUPPLY HOUSE, MARGO.
THEY DELIVERED
BALLOTS MADE OF
LITMUS PAPER, A
CHEMICAL PRODUCT
THAT TURNS RED
WHEN ACID CONTACTS
IT!



AND THE ACID
CAME FROM
THOSE TEAR
GAS BOMBS!

THAT'S RIGHT, MARGO.
NOW LET ME INTRODUCE
CAPTAIN NAYRE, WHO
BOMBED THE FIRING
SQUAD!

I DISGUISED
MYSELF AS A
MARIMBA PLAYER
JUST TO BE READY
WHEN THE TIME
CAME



VIVA
PERIDOR...
EL
PRESIDENTE

I APPOINT
RUY DEL RUY
VICE-PRESIDENT

VIVA PERIDOR !!!
CENTRALBA IS FREE
AGAIN!! THE SHADOW
HAS PROVEN THAT
'THE WEED OF CRIME'
BEARS BITTER FRUIT.'
IN THE LAND
WHERE CRUEL
CASTENAGO NO
LONGER RULES

!!!

'PEPSI' THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.

PEPSI, I'M SICK IN TWO PLACES—I'M SEA-SICK AN' I'M HOME-SICK!

SAY! LOOKS LIKE AN ISLAND!

AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND IN ALL THIS OCEAN!

WE GOTTA FIND SOME WATER PETE. WE ONLY GOT ONE PEPSI-COLA BETWEEN US!

HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A SPRING OF NICE FRESH--

--WATER!

GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE PETE'S UP A SPOUT!

QUICK! TIE TH' ROPE AROUND YOU, PETE!

AAH, WHAT A WHALE OF A DRINK!

HELP!

NOW JUST A LITTLE PEPPER ON THE NOSE!

- AND THAR SHE BLOWS!

K-CHOO!

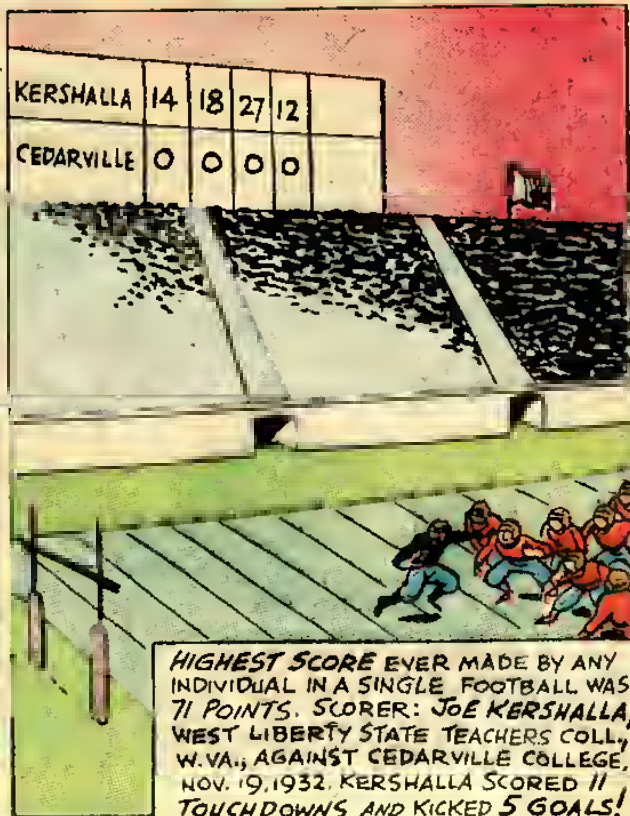
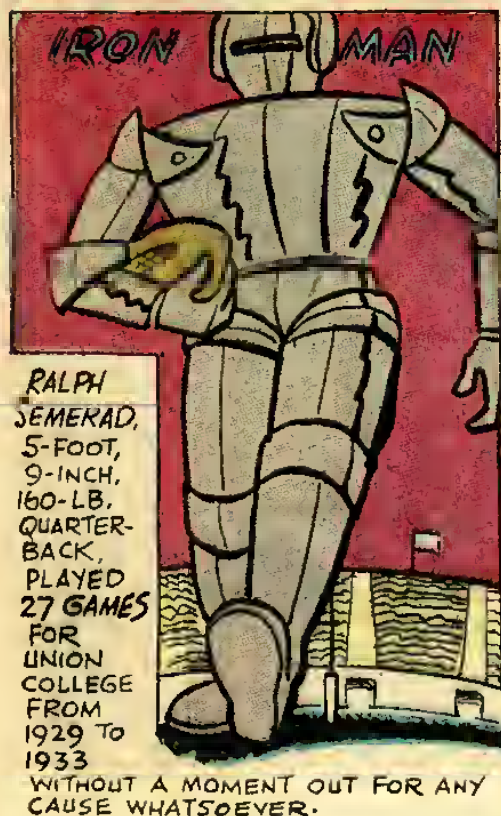
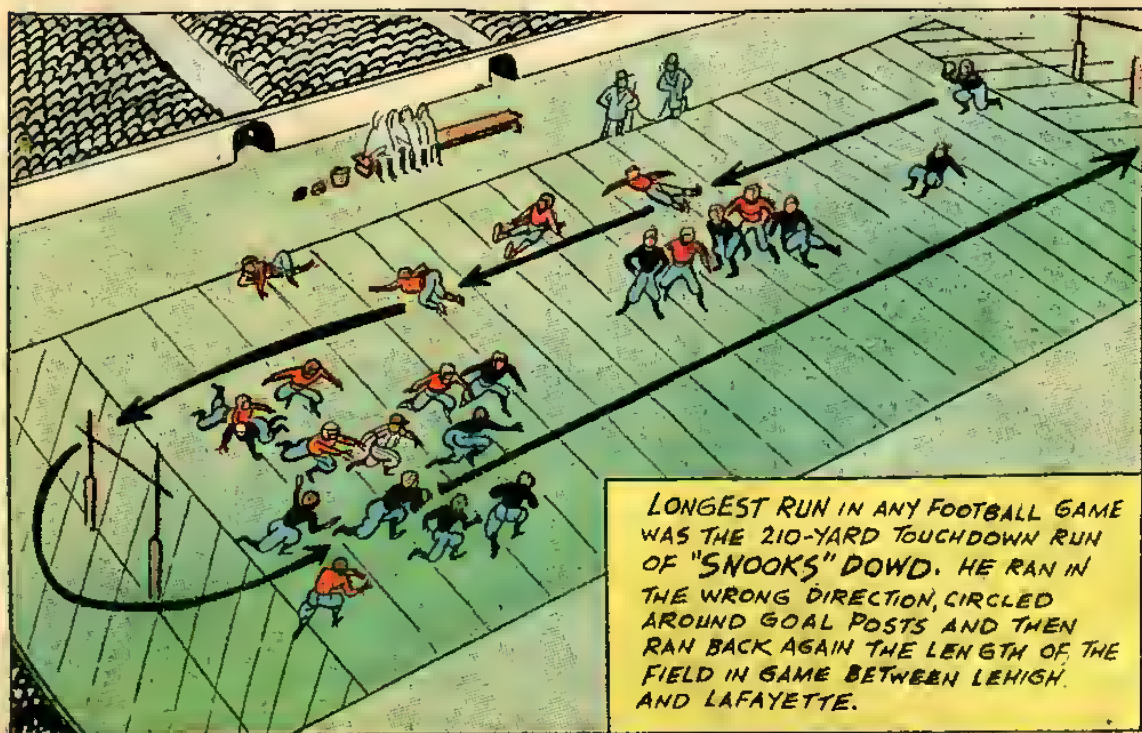
CHEER UP, PETE, YOU OLD JONAH! I SAVED A LITTLE SIP FOR YOU!

MORE PEPSI, MORE! I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

PEPSI SEZ:

DON'T BE A SIMPLE SIMON - ASK FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT⁰⁰



CHICK CARTER

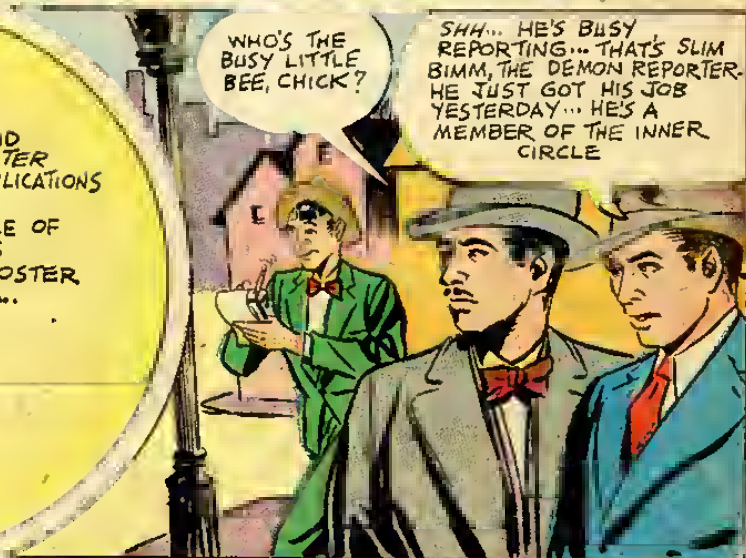
in Stop Press!

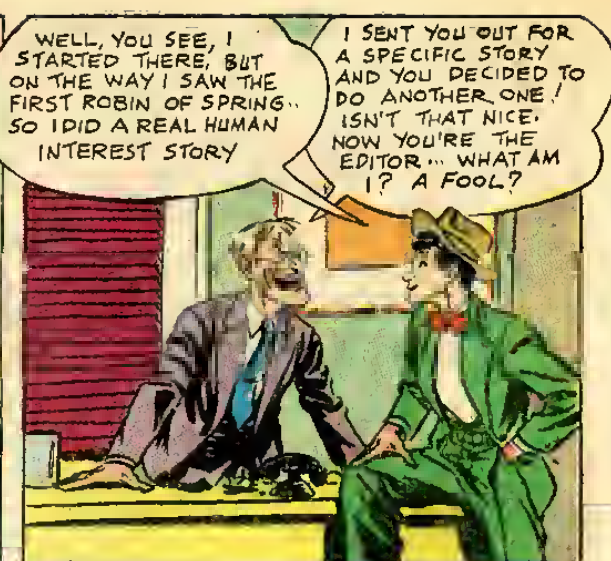


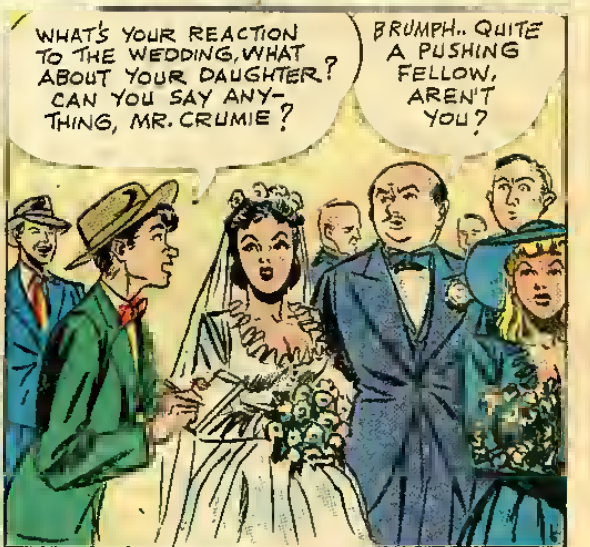
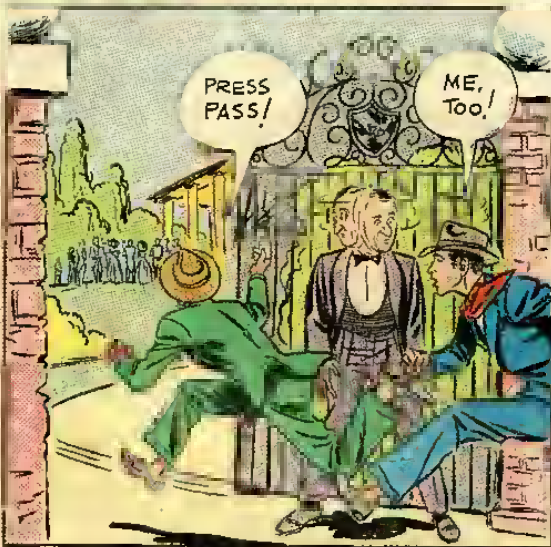
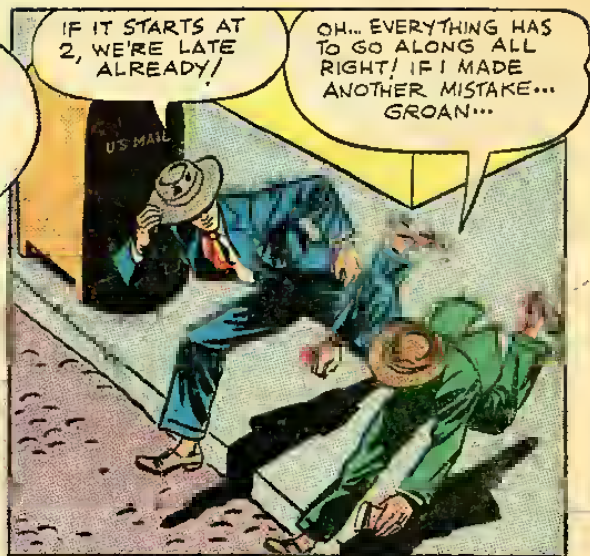
TAKE ONE KID
REPORTER, A DIAMOND
ROBBERY, CHICK CARTER
AND SOME MINOR COMPLICATIONS
AND WHAT HAVE YOU?
A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF
THE WAY CHICK TAKES
AFTER HIS FAMOUS FOSTER
FATHER, NICK CARTER...

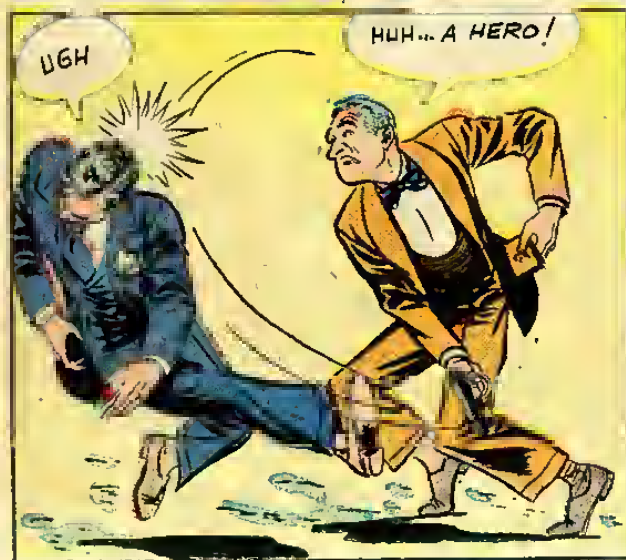
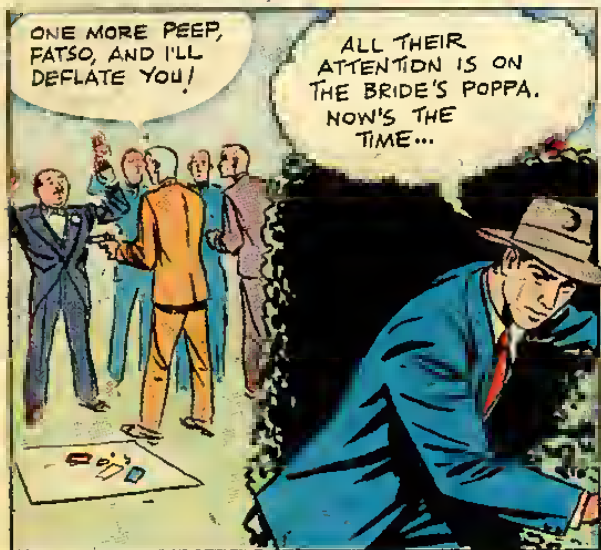
WHO'S THE
BUSY LITTLE
BEE, CHICK?

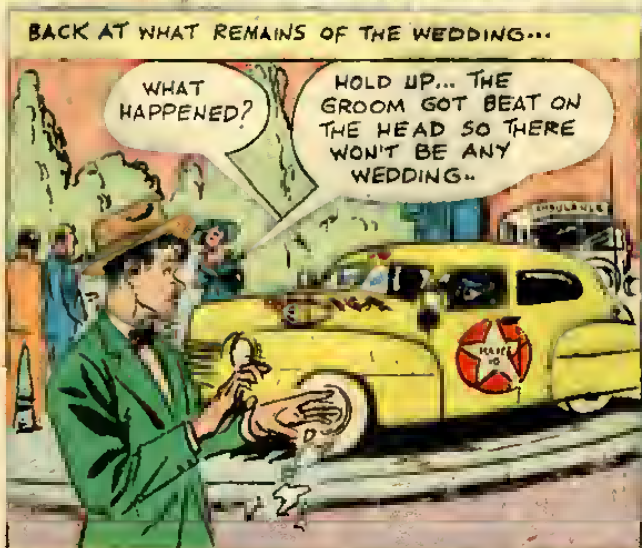
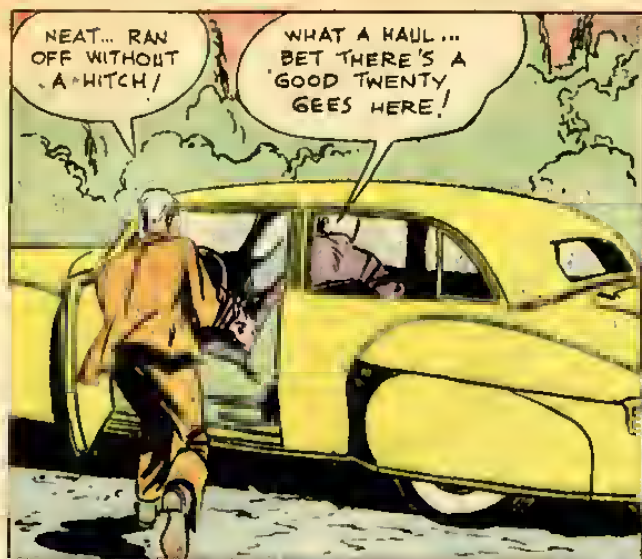
SHH... HE'S BUSY
REPORTING... THAT'S SLIM
BIMM, THE DEMON REPORTER.
HE JUST GOT HIS JOB
YESTERDAY... HE'S A
MEMBER OF THE INNER
CIRCLE

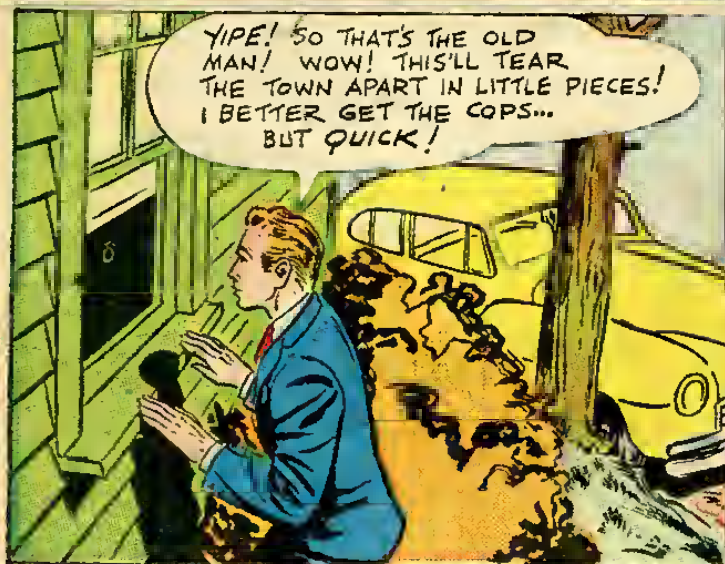
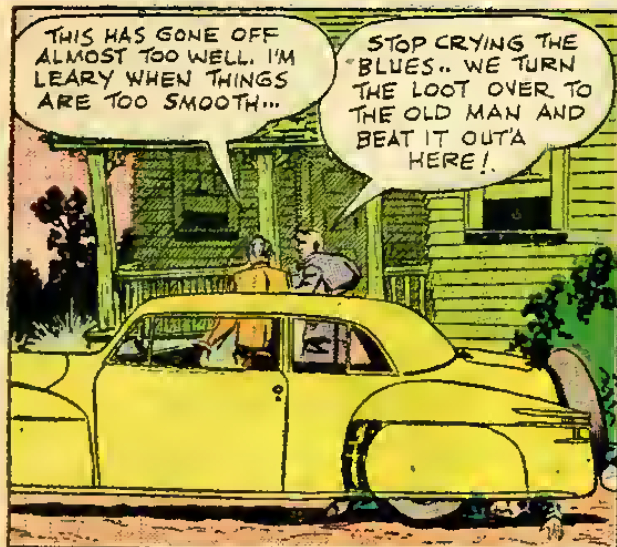
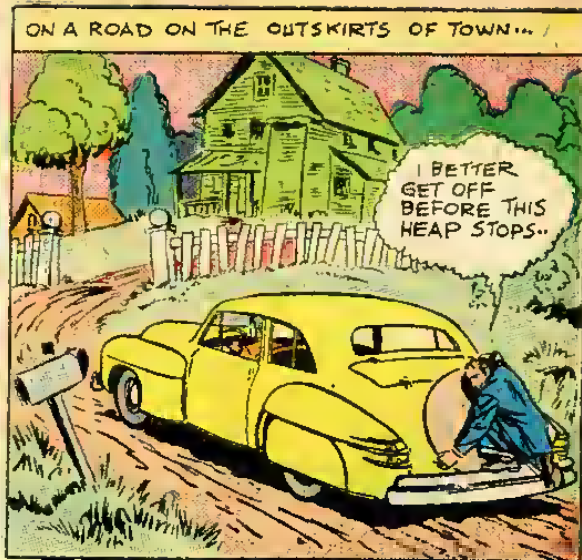


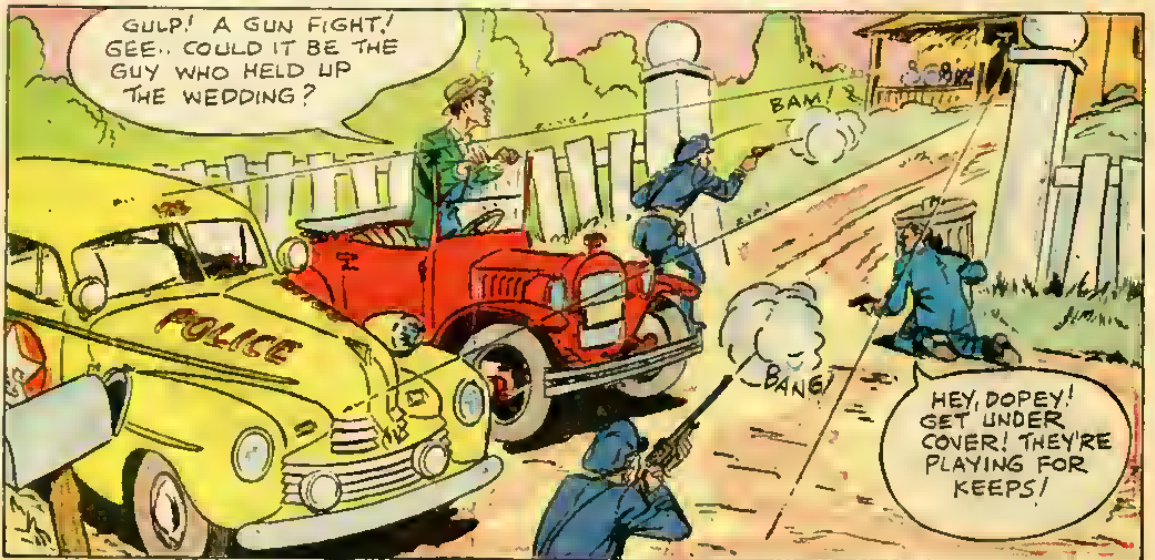
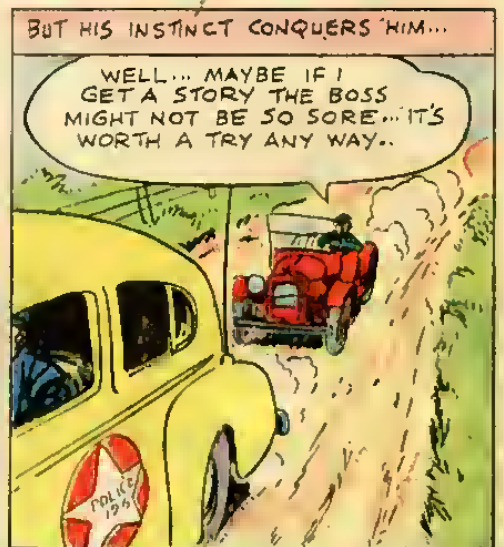
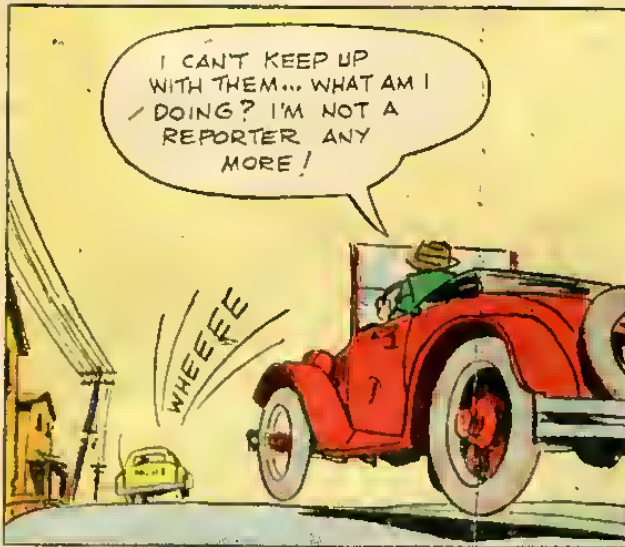
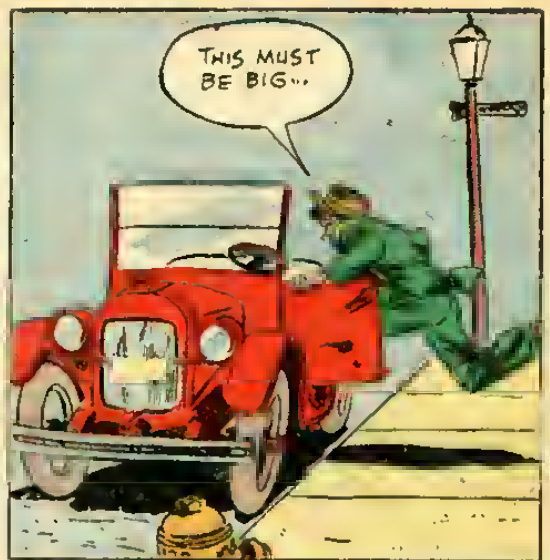
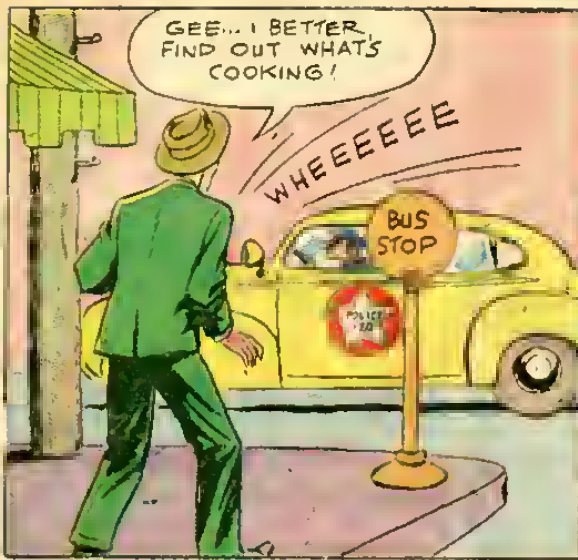


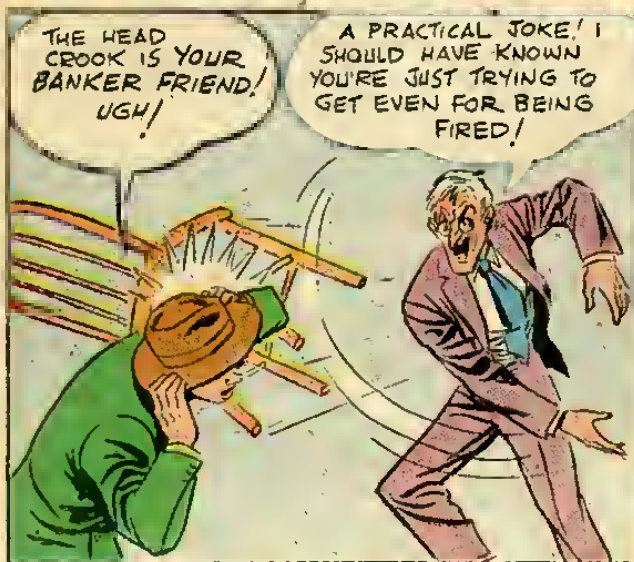
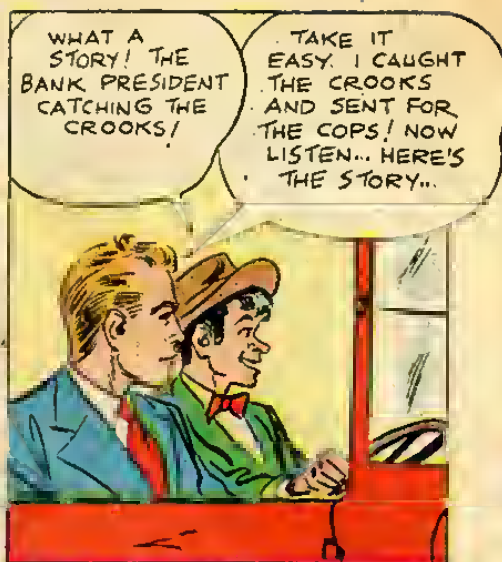












Inner Circle



CANTEENED DEATH

THIS envelope contains the details of one of the most diabolical murder methods I have ever heard of . . . This was from Nick Carter who had a wide and varied knowledge of murderous methods. For him

sat and waited for the dessert which was the monthly tale spun by either Nick or Chick, or on some occasions, like this one, by both of the master man hunters.

"By one of those curious freaks of war, I got the last answer to a series of letters, just a week ago, two years after the end of the war.

"BATTLE"

"The first letter in the correspondence came from Okinawa. The letters in themselves gave a sort of history of the war, for after that first one they followed the tide of battle right up to the end."

Nick looked at the letter in his hand. "This is the end. But I am getting ahead on my story. Chick, you were in the war, suppose you give some of the background."

"I can picture the scene that the first letter conjured up. Imagine if you will, a battle, one of those unromantic little battles that don't seem to decide anything. The only decision is that of death. . . . In a fairly large shell crater, four men hid, using the area as a big fox hole. It wasn't very good, it was open to strafing from above, but there was no 'better 'ole' . . .

"It was hot, hot as only that area can get. The sweat had long since dried out of all the men. They sat and laid there in the dirt each one, thinking his private thoughts . . . We know that most of their thoughts were about one thing . . . treasure . . . You see, in one of their raids they had found a pot of gold."

Chick grinned at the stir of excitement amongst the members. "Oh not literally, a



to use the word diabolical meant horror of an unusual degree.

He and his foster son Chick were on the podium. The members of the Inner Circle, their sandwiches and soft drinks consumed,

pot, but they found what must have been the loot of some old, long vanished pirate ship. They found it in another shell crater. Having found it, they promptly buried it, after taking a good look around the place so as to recognize it again later.



"There was a lot of money represented by the old doubloons and the crudely cut gems. The money that the loot represented meant different things to the four men. To one it meant a chance to become a doctor and do it in style. To another, it meant marriage. To still another, the chance to write the book he had always wanted to write. To the fourth? Who knows . . . for he wanted not HIS share of the money . . . but all of it!"

There was a pause and then Chick went on. "With shells bursting all around, planes, enemy planes strafing the ground till it looked like a plowed field, with death everywhere one looked, one man thought of murder!"

"THIRST . . . QUENCHED . . ."

"They had been in their impromptu fox hole for fourteen hours. Their canteens were all empty. All but one. He the owner of the canteen was known jokingly as the Camel. He could get along longer without water than any other human the men had ever met. His

canteen was almost full. It got hot and hotter still. All three canteens were empty. The Camel, even the Camel, finally had to drink. His canteen was about half full. He drank to his heart's content and handed it on to his buddy, a guy named Geepus. Geepus held the canteen up and the other two men could hear the wonderful sloshing sound of the water. He passed it on. Danny drank next, then Don.

"By that time, the Camel was thirsty again. He drank once more. It was finally night. Sometime during the night, they would have to leave their cover and try to get to water. There was barely an inch of water left in the Camel's canteen.

"But at dawn, one of them was dead, and three of them were ill . . . really ill. If a medic hadn't found them by their groans they might all have been dead . . . all but one.

"It was the Camel who died in the night. Died by poison!"

Nick took up the tale.

"THE IMPOSSIBLE CRIME"

"Geepus, Don and Danny were taken to the field hospital, if it hadn't been for the fast use of a stomach pump . . . well, they were brought out of it.

"Now," Nick cleared his throat, "think of the circumstances. Four men in a fox hole without food and with only one canteen. They were poisoned and the poison could only have been in the canteen. But all three survivors were in accord on one point. No one could have placed anything in the canteen before they drank from it but the Camel!"

"Could he have poisoned the water and meant to make himself only slightly ill, while the others died? It didn't seem possible. But if that wasn't the solution how could it have been done. Remember a canteen is completely different from a glass or a cup which is the more usual vehicle for a poisoned draught! It has a small tight neck. And the canteen was precious. They never took their eyes off it they said. The canteen to them represented their only hope of life.

"All this information was in the first letter I received. They had kept quiet about the circumstances of the poisoning, because of the motive. It was obvious that the poisoner wanted the loot. They didn't see how they could tell their story without telling about the pirate treasure.

"Truthfully it baffled me at first. I went out and bought a canteen and tried to figure out how to hocus it. After all, if the murder had been committed here, someone might have gimmicked up the canteen, put a false compartment in, that held the poison. I remember one such case where a cocktail shaker was made in that manner.

"But I couldn't imagine that having been done on an island in the South Pacific with a battle raging . . .

"FALSE COMPARTMENT"

"But there was a false compartment after all! It was Chick who figured it out!"

Chick said, "It was a false compartment all right, but one that everyone possesses! As soon as I figured out what the murderer must have done, I told Dad. He wrote to the South Pacific.

"After that we didn't hear a word for a long time. I imagined it would be one of those unfinished tales. . . . But today, Dad got that letter there on the table. My idea had been the one!

"You see, the drawback to my idea was that anyone of the three survivors might have been the guilty one, Geepus, Danny or Don. I could not tell which.

"If Geepus hadn't been on the receiving end of a hunk of shrapnel, he might have gone on killing till he was the only owner of the loot!

"As he lay dying, he confessed to Danny and Don what he had done. That is he started to . . . but as soon as he said that he had killed the Camel, Don, the one who had written to Dad in the first place, stopped him and explained the way the poison had been added to the canteen.

"Geepus was astounded, he had been sure that his method was insoluble.

"DEATH BED CONFESSION"

"He had imagined that he would be able to kill the other three and then, at some safe time after the end of the war, go back and get the treasure. But, as it turns out, there will soon be a new doctor, and a novel I just read about,



is being published. The treasure did that . . ."

Chick pretended to notice for the first time the puzzled expression on the members' faces.

"I can see that Geepus' secret has baffled you. Problem, to add poison to a canteen while three pairs of eyes are watching you! Solution! Hold it in your mouth, the way Geepus did! The poison was aconite, it won't hurt you at all to hold it in your mouth. It has to be in your stomach before it will hurt you!

"Geepus broke a vial of aconite into his mouth. Then, when the Camel handed him the canteen, he did not take any water, he put it to his mouth and pretended to drink; really, he let the poison dribble out of his mouth into the water! That was his secret compartment . . . his mouth!"

Coming to the Screen!

The **SUPER-SLEUTH**

of Shadow Comics, Radio and Shadow Magazine

in a Columbia **SUPER-SERIAL!**

CHICK CARTER, Detective

MASTER MYSTERY-SMASHER



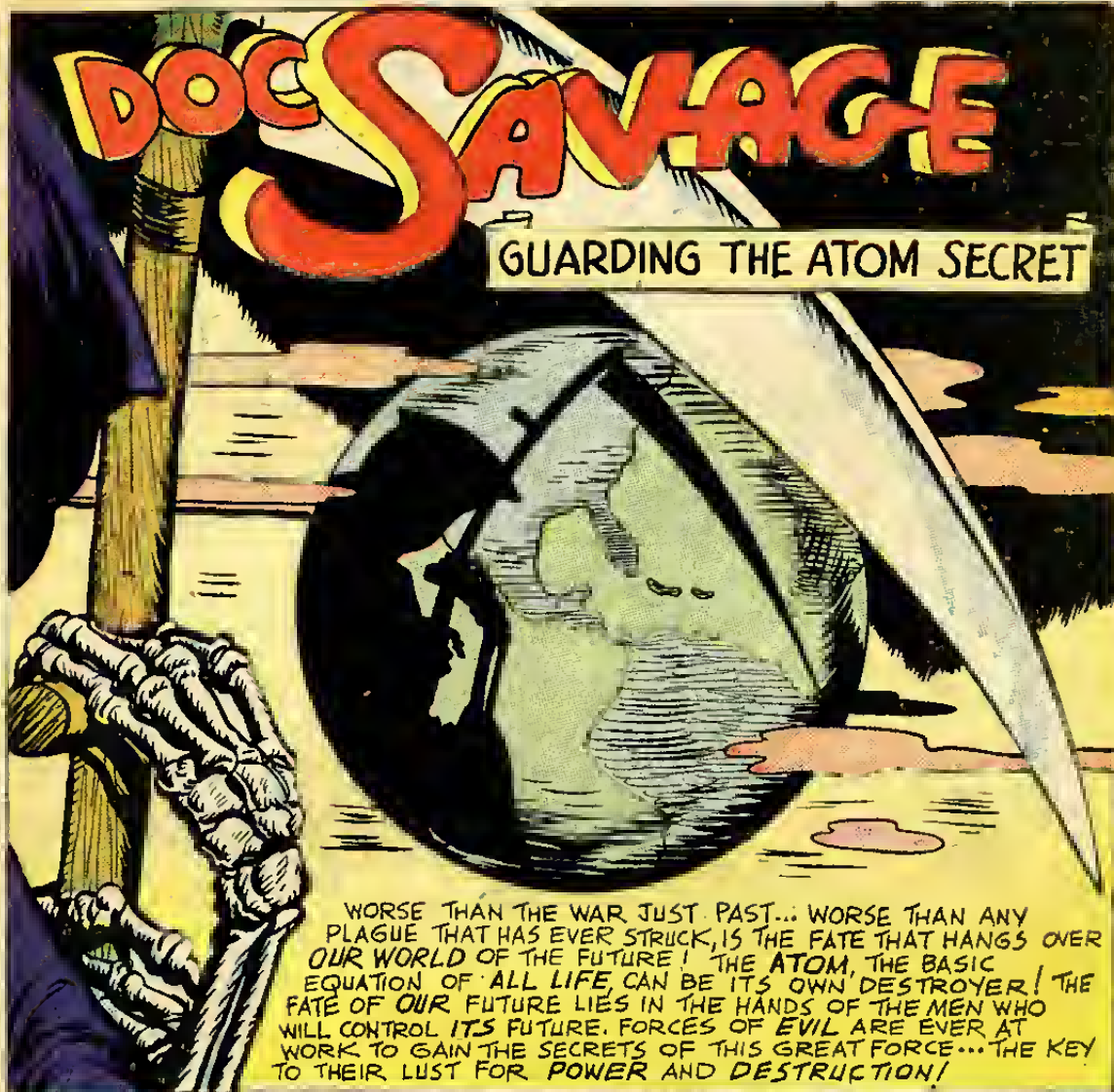
with
LYLE TALBOT · DOUGLAS FOWLEY
JULIE GIBSON · PAMELA BLAKE
EOOIE ACUFF · GEORGE MEEKER

Screenplay by George H. Plympton and Harry Fraser
Based upon the celebrated Street & Smith characters
of Shadow Magazine, Comics and Radio

A COLUMBIA SERIAL

DOC SAVAGE

GUARDING THE ATOM SECRET



WORSE THAN THE WAR JUST PAST... WORSE THAN ANY PLAGUE THAT HAS EVER STRUCK, IS THE FATE THAT HANGS OVER OUR WORLD OF THE FUTURE! THE ATOM, THE BASIC EQUATION OF ALL LIFE, CAN BE ITS OWN DESTROYER! THE FATE OF OUR FUTURE LIES IN THE HANDS OF THE MEN WHO WILL CONTROL ITS FUTURE. FORCES OF EVIL ARE EVER AT WORK TO GAIN THE SECRETS OF THIS GREAT FORCE... THE KEY TO THEIR LUST FOR POWER AND DESTRUCTION!

LET US LOOK INTO THE FUTURE... IT IS AT A MEETING OF THE BLACK ROOM SOCIETY SOMEWHERE ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE...

IT IS FIVE YEARS SINCE WE LAST MET... SINCE THAT GERMANIC DUNCE, HITLER, FAILED US AND WE LOST OUR BID FOR COMPLETE WORLD POWER...



OUR POWERS THEN WERE THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE WORLD WHICH THROUGH AGENTS, WE ALONE CONTROL... NOW WITH THE ATOM THE FUTURE SOURCE OF INDUSTRIAL POWER, ALL WE OWN WILL BE WORTHLESS!

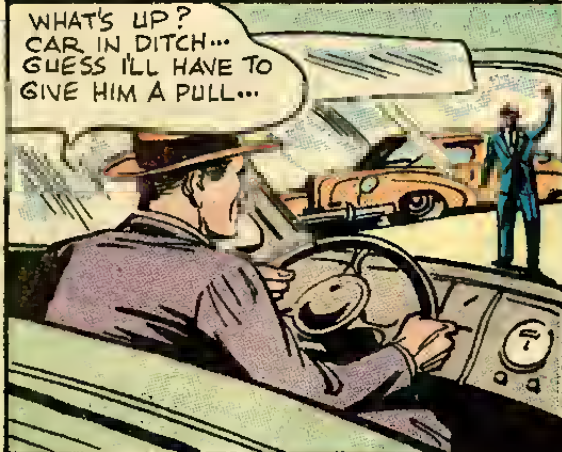


WE MUST LEARN ITS SECRETS... WE MUST CONTROL THE ATOM AND THEREBY SECURE OUR POWER AND ENSLAVE THE WORLD!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AS DR. ANTHONY KLETBUSH, FAMOUS PHYSICIST AND ATOMIC EXPERT, SPEEDS TO HIS LABORATORY...

WHAT'S UP?
CAR IN DITCH...
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
GIVE HIM A PULL...



I HAVEN'T GOT A ROPE...
BUT IF YOU HAVE, I'LL BE
HAPPY TO HELP...

YOU'RE
DR. ANTHONY
KLETBUSH?



THAT'S RIGHT I'M...
HEY! WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

GET OUT!
YOU'RE
COMING
WITH ME!



THAT'S...
WHAT YOU...
THINK!

x*?!
HELP!



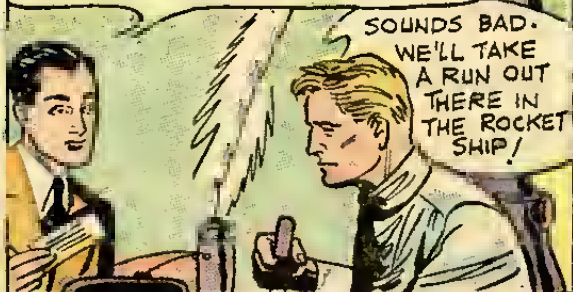
AT THE KIDNAPPER'S CRY FOR 'HELP!', THE DOOR OF THE DITCHED CAR
SWINGS OPEN AND...





LATER THAT MORNING IN THE ATOMIC
LABORATORY OF DOC SAVAGE...

DOC! A-FISHY REPORT
JUST CAME IN ON THE
TELETYPE. LOOKS LIKE
TROUBLE AT LABORATORY 3!
KLETBUSH'S CAR WAS FOUND
DESERTED... HE'S DISAPPEARED!



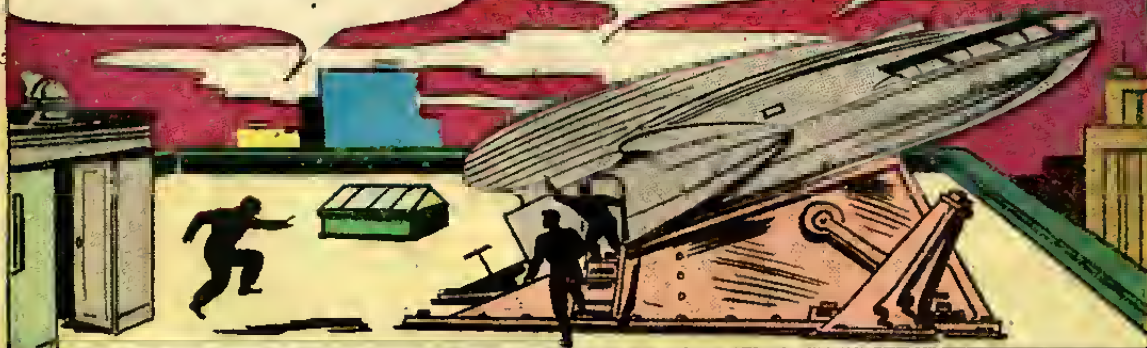
SOUNDS BAD.
WE'LL TAKE
A RUN OUT
THERE IN
THE ROCKET
SHIP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ATOP DOC SAVAGE'S SKYSCRAPER HEADQUARTERS
WHERE DOC'S ROCKET SHIP IS CONSTANTLY READY FOR USE...

HEY! WAIT FER ME! I WAS
WORKIN' IN MY CHEM LAB WHEN
I HEARD YOU WERE GOWIN!
WHYNCHA CALL ME?

DIDN'T WANT TO
DISTURB YOUR
EXPERIMENTS!

HURRY UP,
YOU ANIMATED
BABOON!



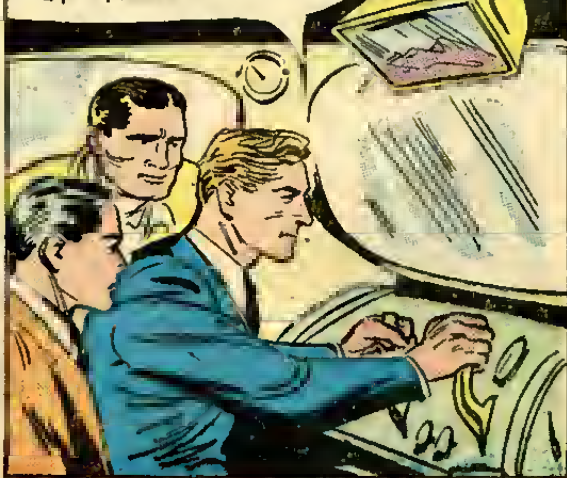
THE NEXT INSTANT...

WHERE WE
GOWIN? HOW
LONG'LL IT
TAKE?

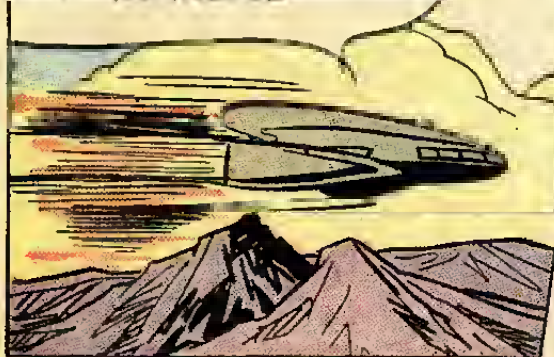
OUT TO LAB
3, MONK...
IT'S ABOUT
1500 MILES..
TAKE US
ABOUT
TWENTY
MINUTES.



I HAVE A FEELING THIS IS
THE START OF PLENTY
OF TROUBLE...



NOW THAT ATOMIC SCIENTISTS
ARE ORGANIZED TO CONTINUE
DEVELOPMENT OF THE ATOM
AS THE SOURCE OF INDUSTRIAL
POWER... EACH MAN DOING ONE
PART OF THE WORK SO THAT
NO MAN CAN HAVE FULL
KNOWLEDGE...



SELFISH INTERESTS
ARE BOUND TO TRY
TO STEAL OUR
WORK... UTILIZE IT
TO FURTHER THEIR
OWN POWER AND
PERHAPS... ENSLAVE
THE WORLD!

WITH US
LOOKIN' OUT
FOR THINGS...
THEY GOT A
FIGHT ON
THEIR HANDS



AT THIS MOMENT... NOT FAR FROM LABORATORY 3, THE BLACK ROOM SOCIETY
FACES ITS FIRST VICTIM IN ITS SEARCH FOR THE ATOMIC SECRETS...

DR. KLETBUSH, YOU ARE GOING TO REVEAL
ALL THAT YOU KNOW... FIRST... FOR OUR
AMUSEMENT.. YOU WILL BE TORTURED... THEN...
IF YOU STILL REFUSE, THE HYPERDERMIC
NEEDLE WITH TRUTH SERUM
WILL MAKE YOU TALK...

I TELL YOU, I KNOW BUT
ONE SMALL PART... MY
KNOWLEDGE CAN'T HELP YOU!

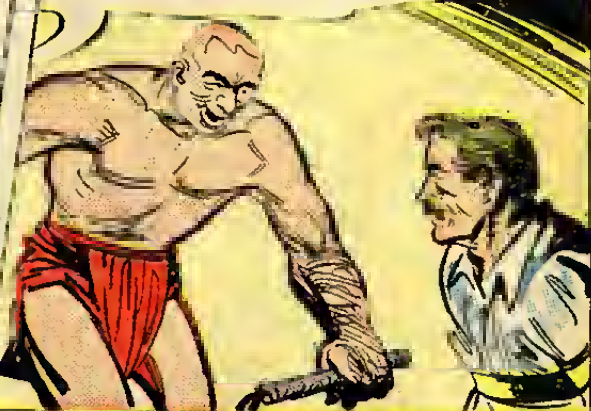


BUT IT WILL! FOR ONE
BY ONE WE ARE PREPARED
TO CAPTURE YOU ATOMIC
SCIENTISTS, AND SO, PART
BY PART WE WILL LEARN
THE WHOLE!

YOU'LL
NOT GET
A WORD
OUT OF
ME!



BEGIN THE TORTURE!

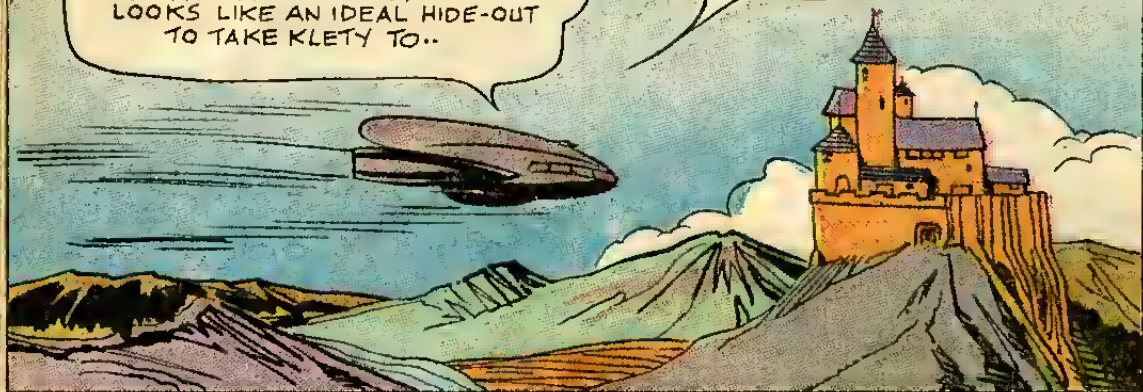


AT THE COMMAND, FROM THE SHADOWS,
STEPS A MALIGNANT FIGURE OF HORROR!

AS THE SADISTIC, WOULD-BE RULERS OF THE WORLD ORDER THE TORTURER TO BEGIN...

MONK! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT CASTLE DOWN THERE THROUGH THE ATOMIC-TELA-XRAY... WE'RE NOT FAR FROM LAB 3, AND IT LOOKS LIKE AN IDEAL HIDE-OUT TO TAKE KLETY TO..

OKAY, DOC... I'LL EVEN LET YOU KNOW WHAT VINTAGES THEY GOT IN THEIR WINE CELLAR!



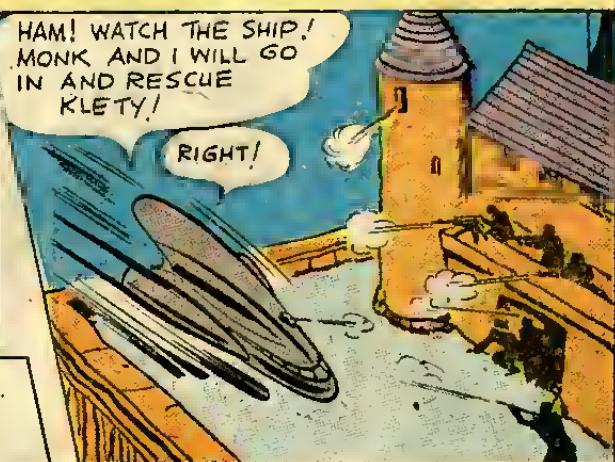
HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S KLETY!...
THEY'RE GIVIN'
HIM THE WOIKS!

THE ROCKET SHIP ZOOMS TO A LANDING...
GUNS BLAZING AS ARMED THUGS RUN OUT
TO STOP THE INTRUDERS...

HAM! WATCH THE SHIP!
MONK AND I WILL GO
IN AND RESCUE
KLETY!

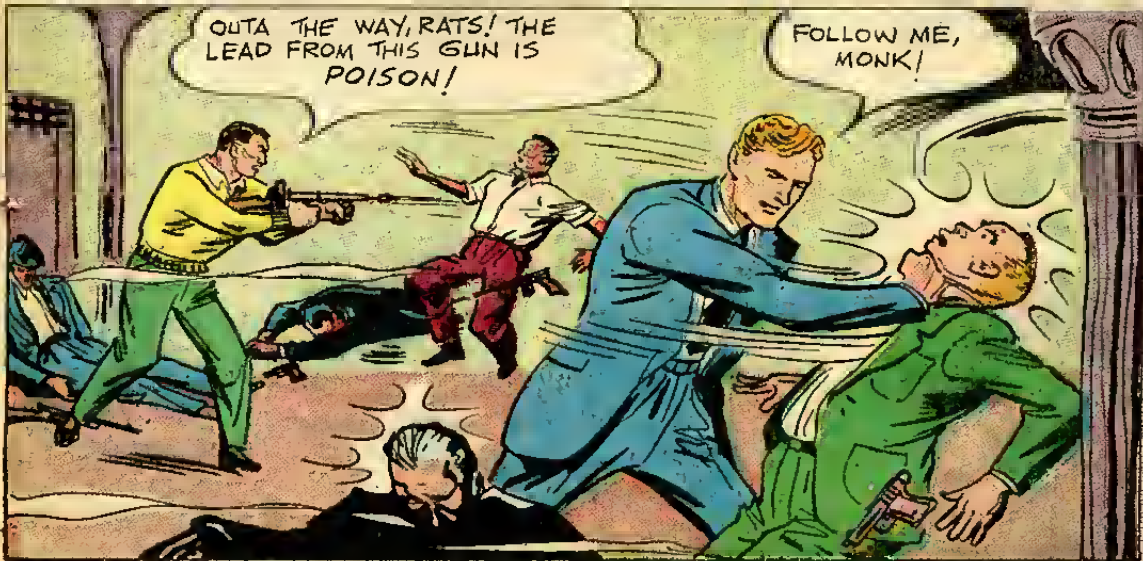
RIGHT!

ADJUSTING THE DELICATE MECHANISM,
CAPABLE OF PEERING THROUGH THE
THICKEST WALLS, MONK SEES A
HORRIBLE SIGHT...



OUTA THE WAY, RATS! THE
LEAD FROM THIS GUN IS
POISON!

FOLLOW ME,
MONK!



AS DOC AND MONK BREAK INTO THE BUILDING...

THANKS FOR THE AMUSEMENT, DOCTOR. NOW WE SHALL GET YOUR SECRETS EFFORTLESSLY WITH THE TRUTH SERUM!

NO!
NO!

SUDDENLY...

BANG... BANG...

RAT... TA... TAT

BANG/
BANG!

SHOTS!
WE'VE BEEN
DISCOVERED!
QUICK... OUT THE
SECRET TUNNEL!

HE'S IN THAT
ROOM AHEAD,
DOC. THAT'S
WHERE I SAW
HIM!

OKAY! WATCH-
OUT FOR THOSE
THUGS!

SWEET DREAMS,
ANGEL PUSS!

UGH!
GLAA!

KLEPY! ARE
YOU OKAY?
DID THEY LEARN
ANYTHING?

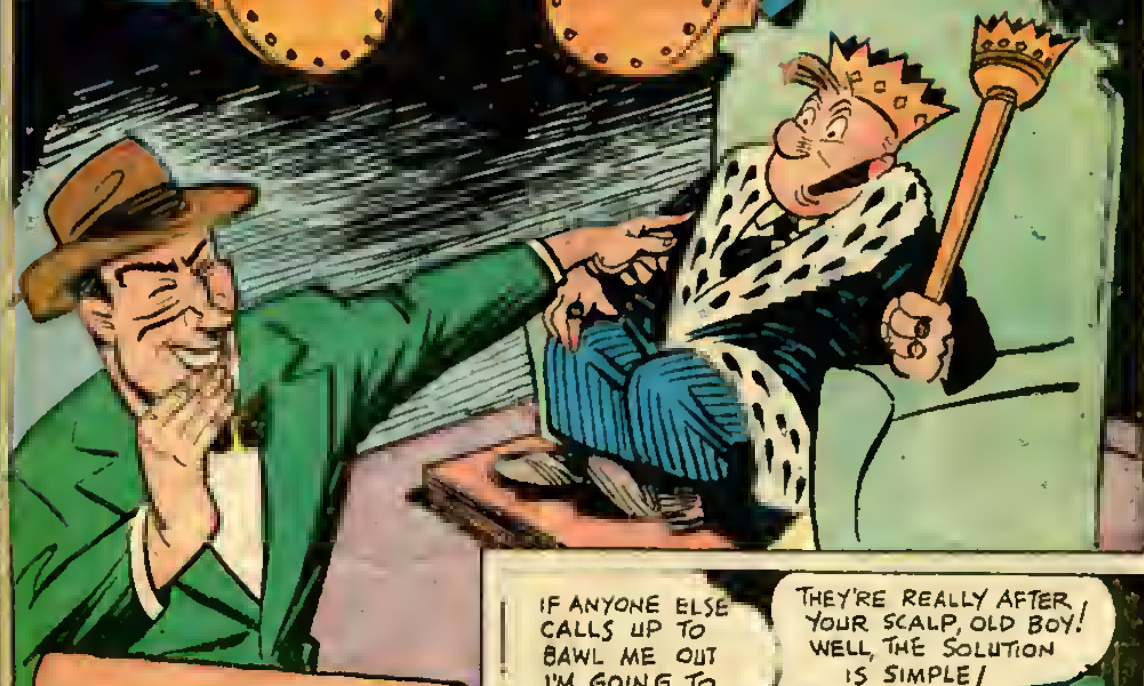
DOC SAVAGE!
THANK HEAVEN! NO...
YOUR COMING STOPPED
THEM FROM PUTTING
ME UNDER THE POWER
OF TRUTH SERUM... BUT
THEY'VE ALL ESCAPED!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING...
THE BLACK ROOM SOCIETY
WON'T STOP TILL THEY WIPE
US OUT, OR WE ERADICATE
THEM!

DON'T MISS DOC SAVAGE'S NEXT
ADVENTURE IN WHICH DOC HIMSELF, IS
CAUGHT IN THE BLACK ROOM
SOCIETY'S NET OF EVIL!

FLATTY FOOTE

CAUGHT
FLAT-
FOOTED!

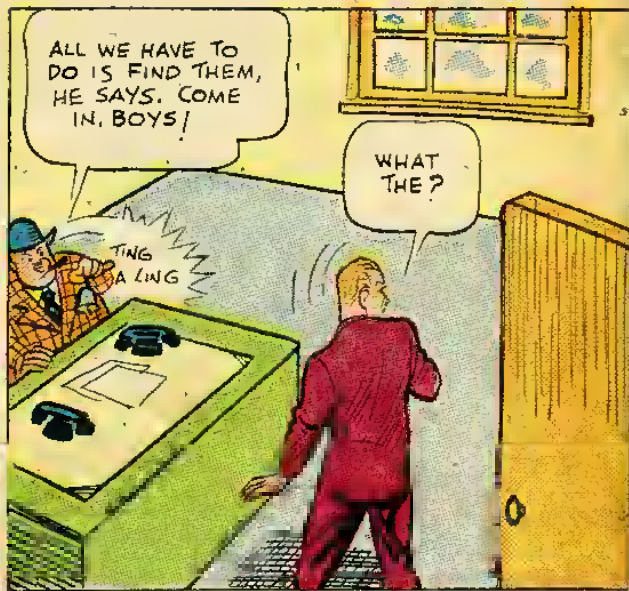


WHEN SOUPY SAM ESCAPED WITH THE CROWN JEWELS OF RURITANIA, VALUED AT \$5,000,000, FLATTY KNEW HE WAS IN THE SOUP... BUT EVEN HE HAD NO IDEA HOW FAR IN THE SOUP!

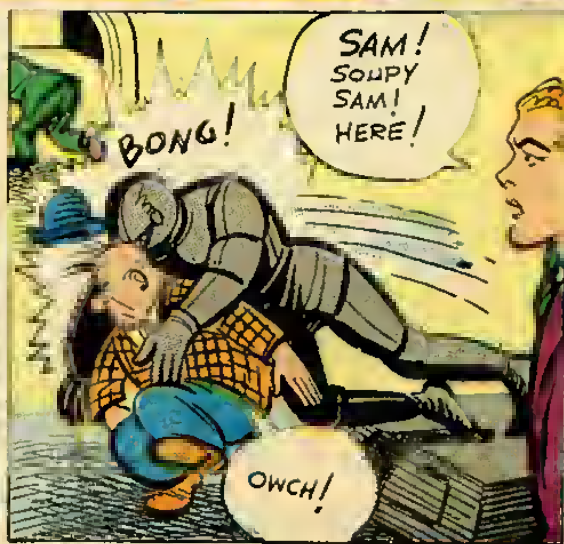
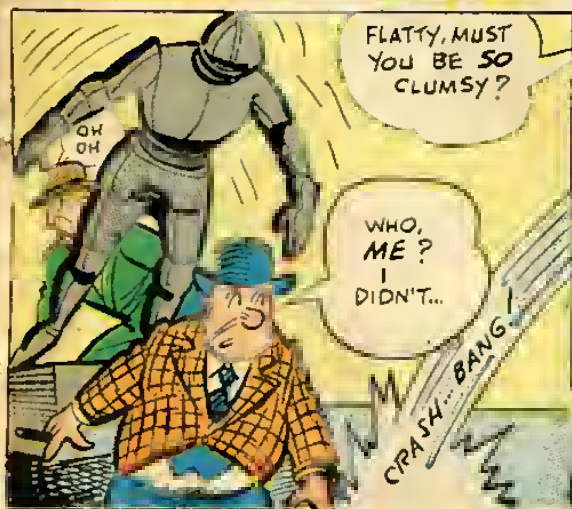
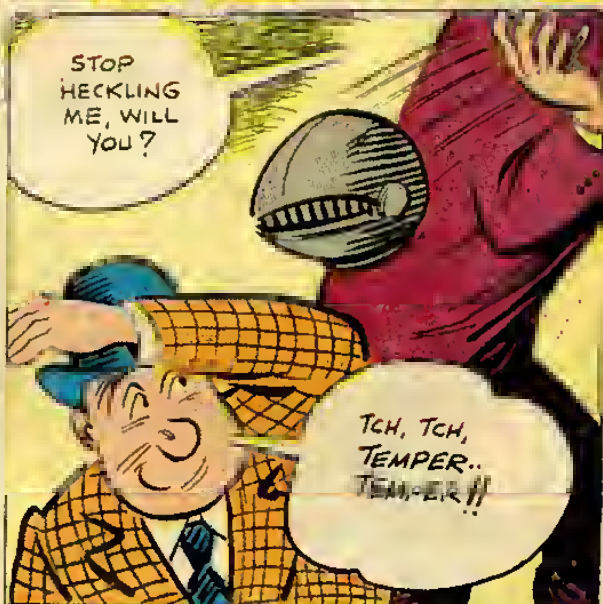
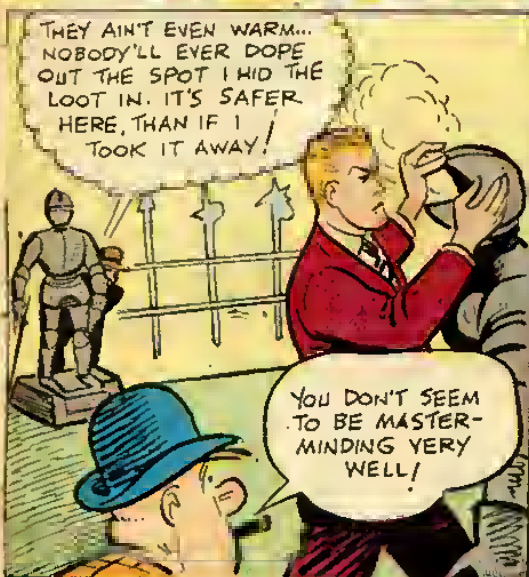
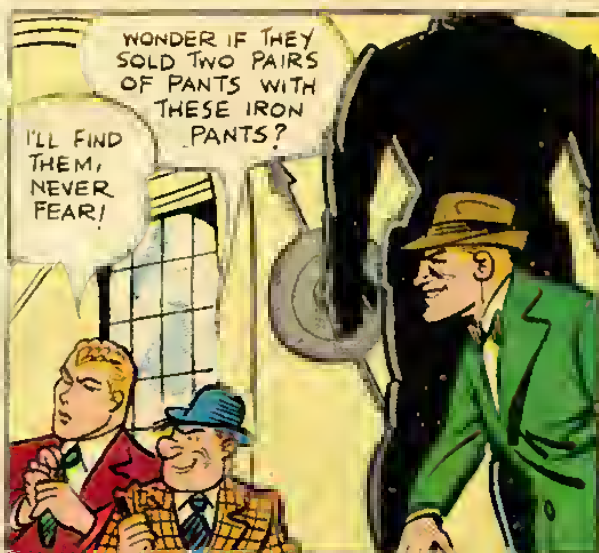
IF ANYONE ELSE CALLS UP TO BAWL ME OUT I'M GOING TO CRY!

THEY'RE REALLY AFTER YOUR SCALP, OLD BOY! WELL, THE SOLUTION IS SIMPLE!



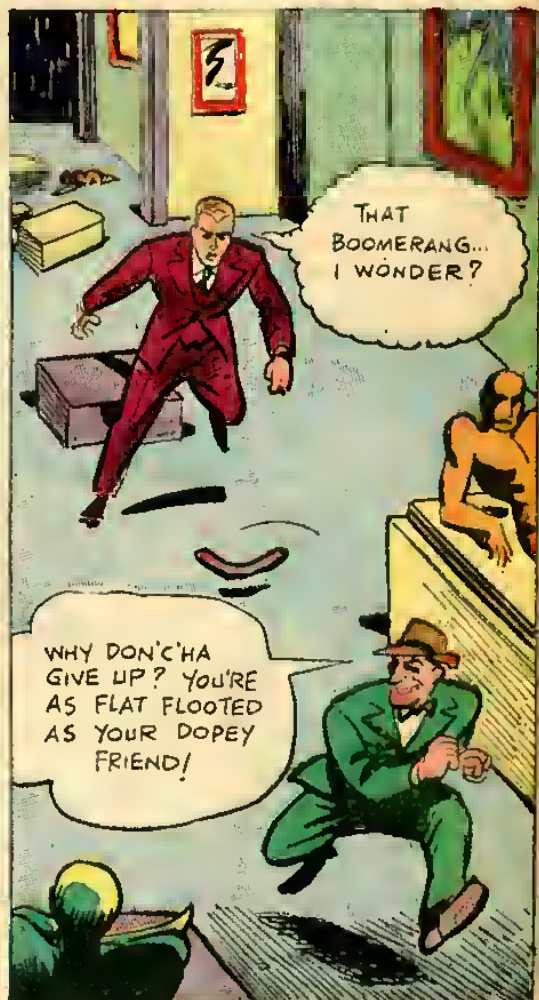
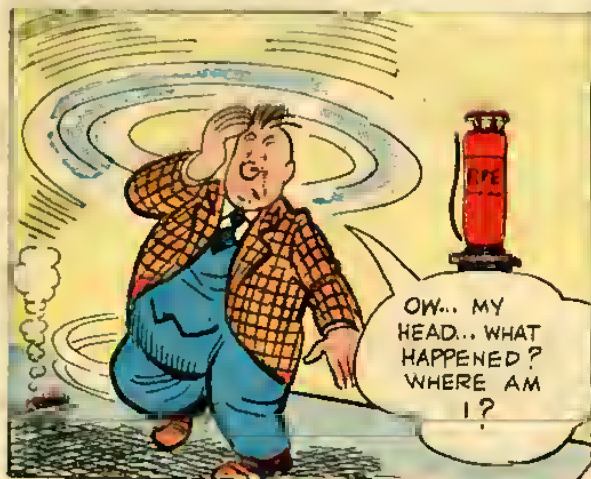


TEN HOURS LATER....





WHILE THE EXCITING CHASE GOES ON...



LIKE AN AVENGING FURY, THE BOOMERANG SWOOPS ALONG...

GOOD SHOT
EVEN IF I
DO HAVE
TO SAY SO
MYSELF...

...MISSED
!

FOOLED HIM!
THAT WINDOW...
GOTTA GET
OUT OF HERE!

SWOOSH!

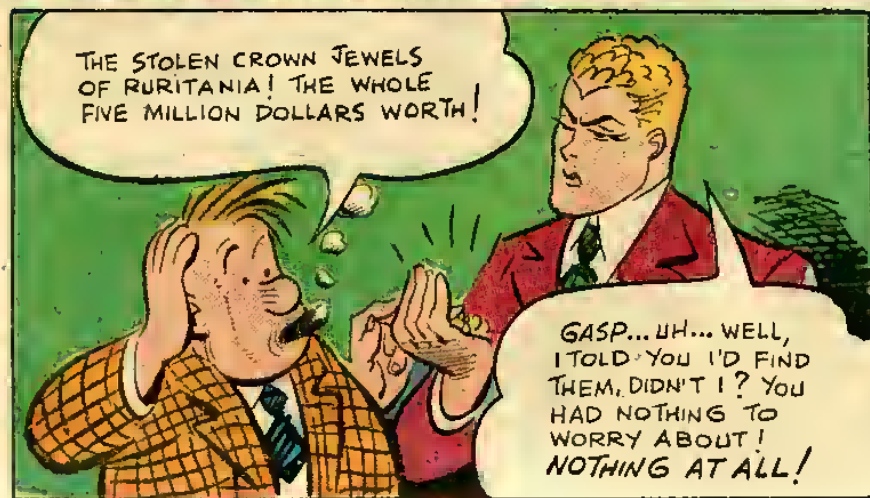
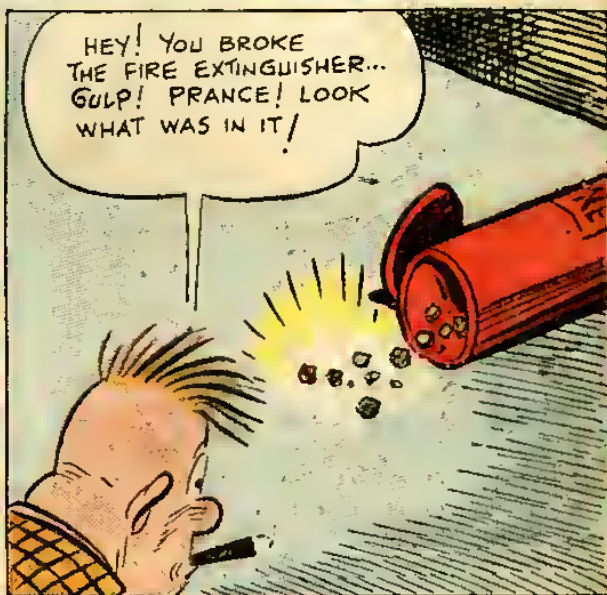
SMOKE?
OH, IT'S MY
CIGAR...



MIGHT'A STARTED
A FIRE IF I
HADN'T NOTICED
IT...

OH OH...THE
BLASTED BOOMERANG
MISSED SAM AND
GOT FLATTY!

Oooooooffe



NOTHING AT ALL... BUT THE FACT THAT SOUPY SAM IS STILL AT LARGE!

AND HE STILL WANTS THAT FIVE MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF GEMS!

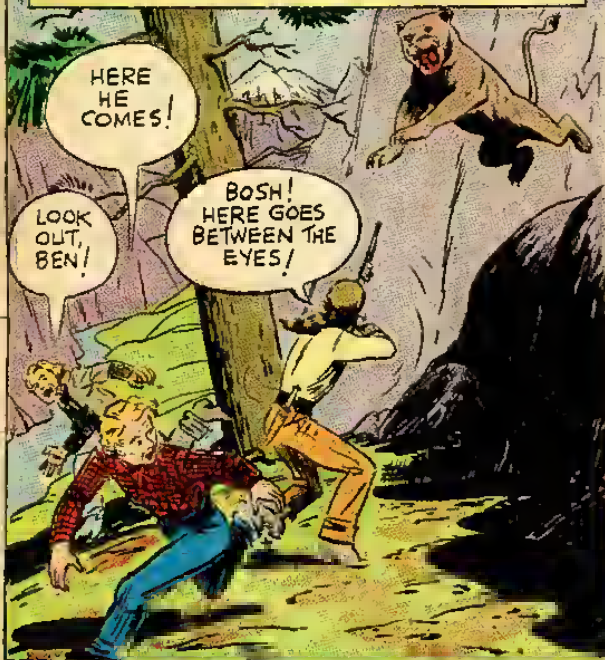
DANGEROUS BEN THOMPSON

WESTERN GUN FIGHTERS...



IN THIS TRUE STORY OF
THE DEADLIEST SHOT IN
THE OLD WEST THE FACT
IS AGAIN REVEALED
THAT **KILLERS**
CANNOT WIN!

THOUGH BORN IN CANADA BEFORE THE
CIVIL WAR, BEN THOMPSON WAS
RAISED IN TEXAS. HIS SCHOOL-MATES
MARVELLED AT HIS FEARLESSNESS



HERE
HE
COMES!

LOOK
OUT,
BEN!

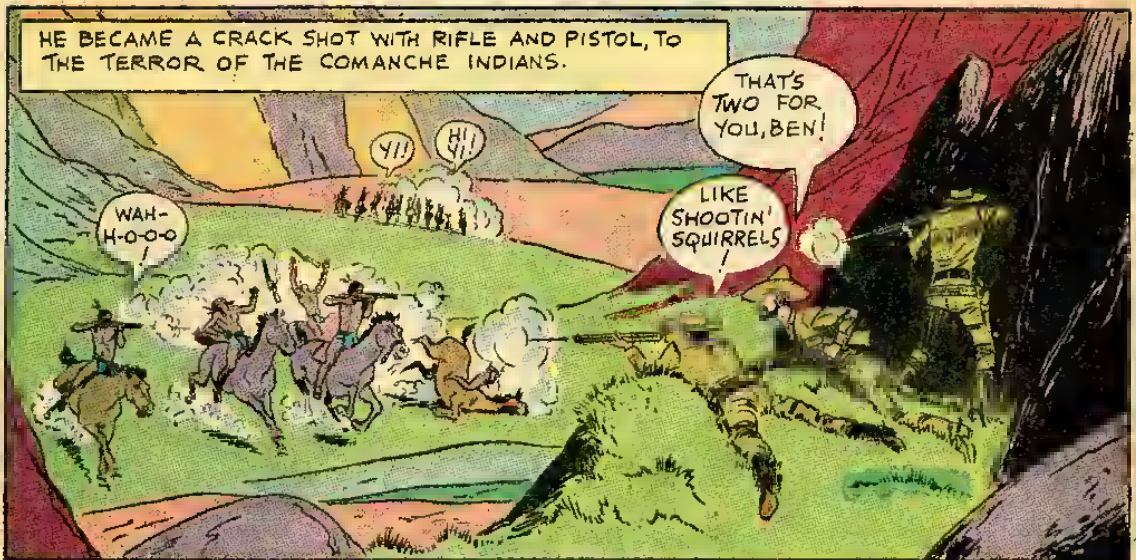
BOSH!
HERE GOES
BETWEEN THE
EYES!

LATER, HIS MOTHER GOT HIM
A JOB WITH A PRINTER, BUT
BEN WAS TOO RESTLESS FOR
'REGULAR WORK'



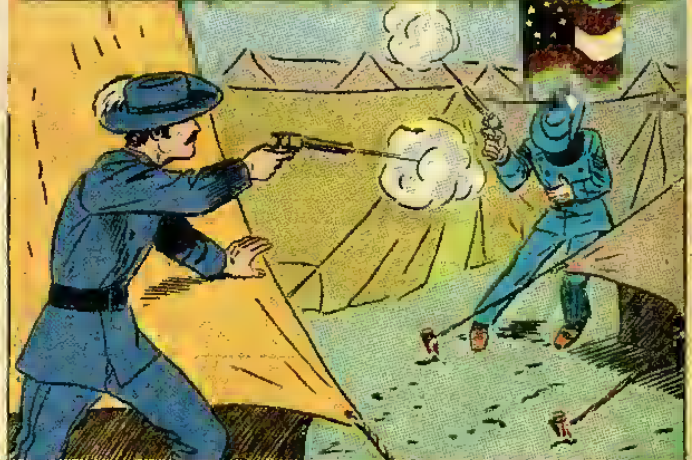
I QUIT,
POP. I'D
RATHER
FIGHT
INDIANS!

HE BECAME A CRACK SHOT WITH RIFLE AND PISTOL, TO THE TERROR OF THE COMANCHE INDIANS.



WHEN THE CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT HE JOINED LEE'S FORCES AGAINST THE UNION AND FOUGHT COURAGEOUSLY

BUT WHEN BEN'S SERGEANT 'ROUGHED HIM UP', THOMPSON KILLED HIM IN A PISTOL FIGHT...



TOTALLY FEARLESS AND WITH SUPREME CONTEMPT FOR DISCIPLINE, THOMPSON DESERTED AND JOINED ANOTHER REGIMENT, WHERE HE WAS CAUGHT RUNNING RUM INTO THE CAMP

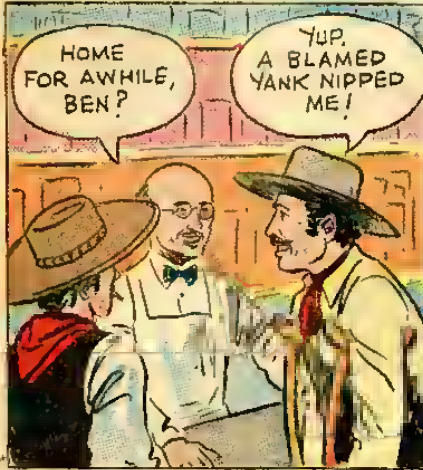
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, LIEUTENANT?

PRIVATE THOMPSON SMUGGLING RUM, SIR. HERE IT IS!

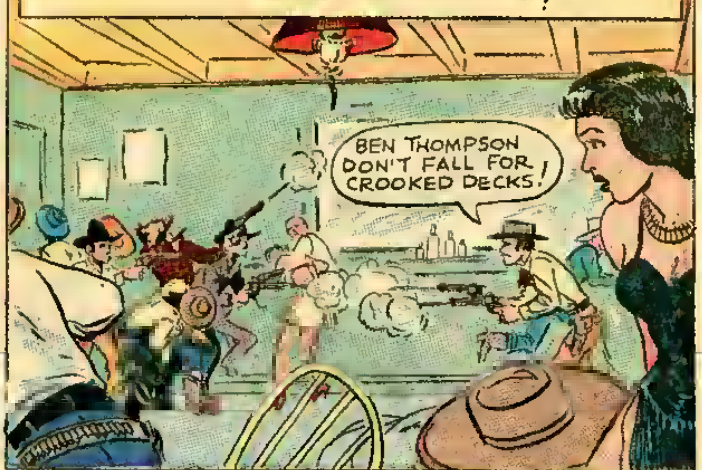
LEGGO, OR I'LL...



AFTER A TERM IN THE GUARD-HOUSE, THOMPSON WAS WOUNDED IN ACTION AND SENT HOME.



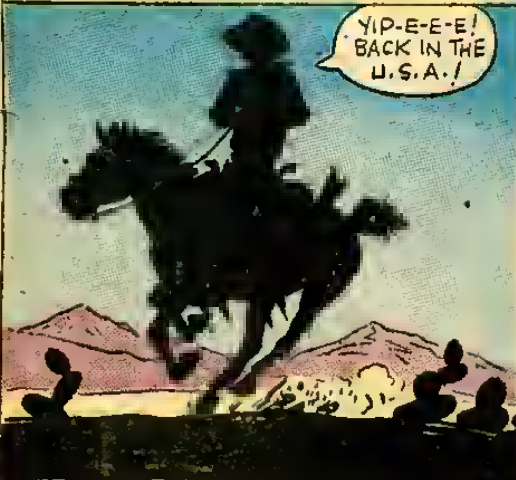
HE BECAME A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER AND SHOT HIS WAY OUT OF A CROOKED 'HOUSE' THOUGH OUTNUMBERED FOUR TO ONE!



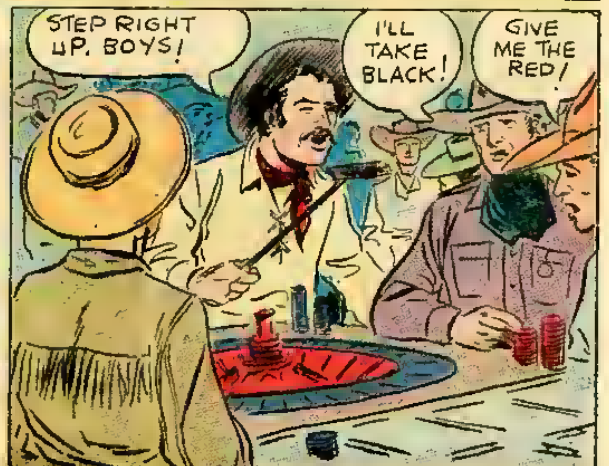
CRAVING MORE ACTION, HE CROSSED THE MEXICAN BORDER AND JOINED THE ARMY OF MAXIMILIAN, 'THE MAD EMPEROR' HIS DEADLY SHOOTING ASTOUNDED THE MEXICANS



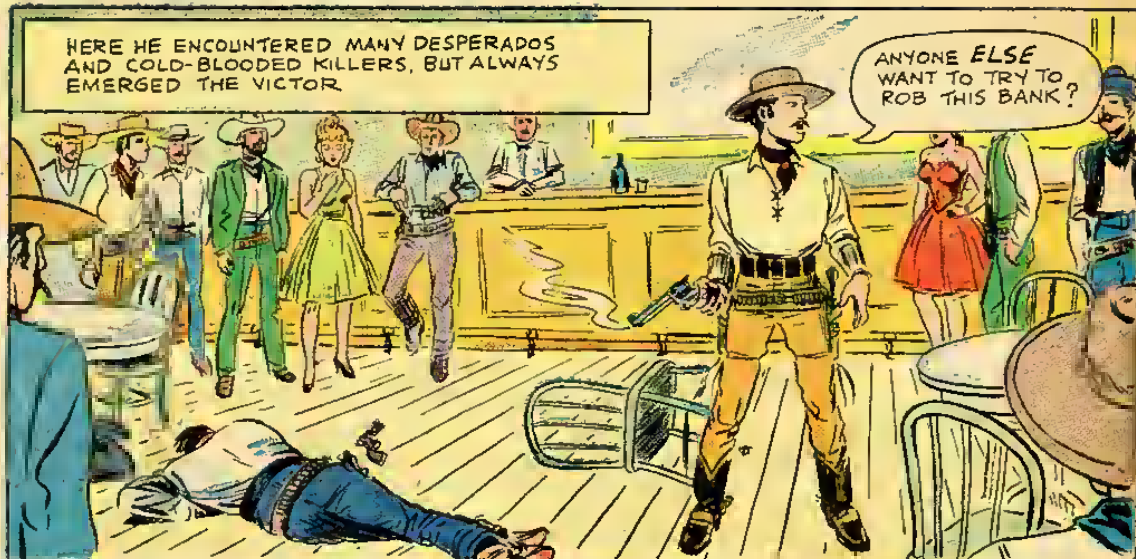
FORESEEING THE INEVITABLE FALL OF MAXIMILIAN, BEN DESERTED AND FLED BACK TO THE COW COUNTRY



HE THEN OPENED A GAMBLING HOUSE IN THE RIP-ROARING COW TOWN OF ABILENE, KANSAS

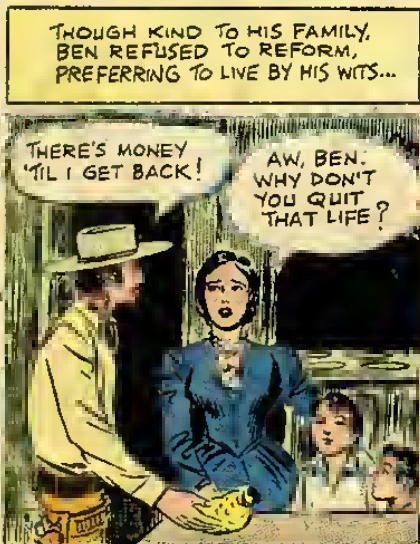


HERE HE ENCOUNTERED MANY DESPERADOS AND COLD-BLOODED KILLERS, BUT ALWAYS EMERGED THE VICTOR.



ANYONE ELSE WANT TO TRY TO ROB THIS BANK?

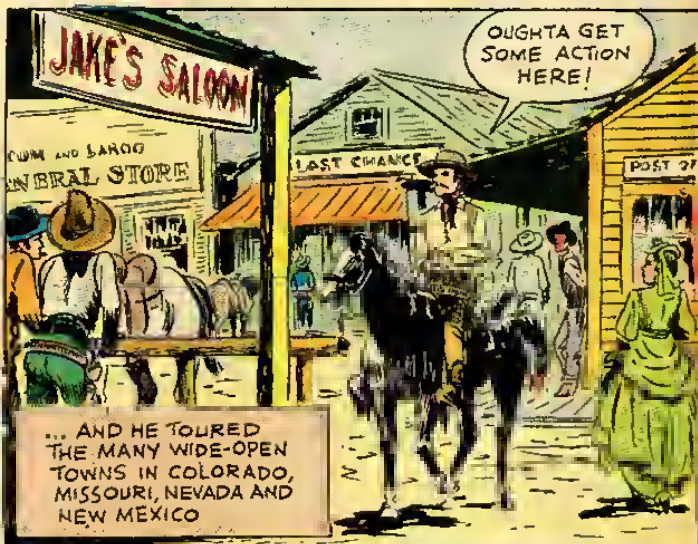
THOUGH KIND TO HIS FAMILY, BEN REFUSED TO REFORM, PREFERRED TO LIVE BY HIS WITS...



THERE'S MONEY 'TIL I GET BACK!

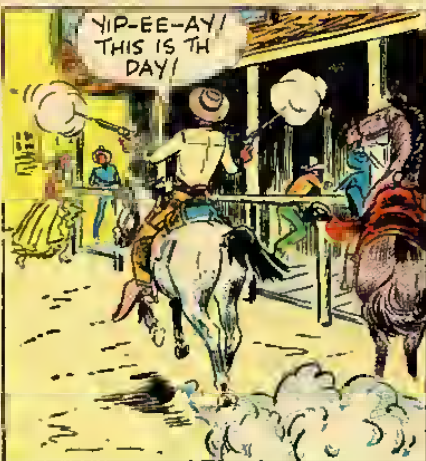
AW, BEN. WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT LIFE?

... AND HE TOURED THE MANY WIDE-OPEN TOWNS IN COLORADO, MISSOURI, NEVADA AND NEW MEXICO



OUGHTA GET SOME ACTION HERE!

BUT HIS CONSCIENCE KEPT GNAWING AT HIM AND HE WENT ON OCCASIONAL SPREES



YIP-EE-AY! THIS IS THE DAY!

ONE OF HIS PET TRICKS WAS TO TERRORIZE BAR-ROOMS, SHOOTING EVERY OTHER GLASS OFF THE BACK BAR.



HAR! HAR! THEM GLASSES IS TOO CLOSE TOGETHER!

THERE BEING NO LAW IN THOSE PARTS,
AND FEARING THOMPSON'S DEADLY
GUNS, NO ONE INTERFERED



WHY CAN'T
SOMEBODY
STOP THAT
MAN?

'CAUSE WE
DON'T WANTA
PUSH UP
DAISIES,
M'AM!

... BUT THOMPSON ALWAYS RETURNED
TO PAY THE COST OF THE DAMAGE



THERE! DOES
THAT SQUARE
US UP?

RECKON IT
DOES, BEN!

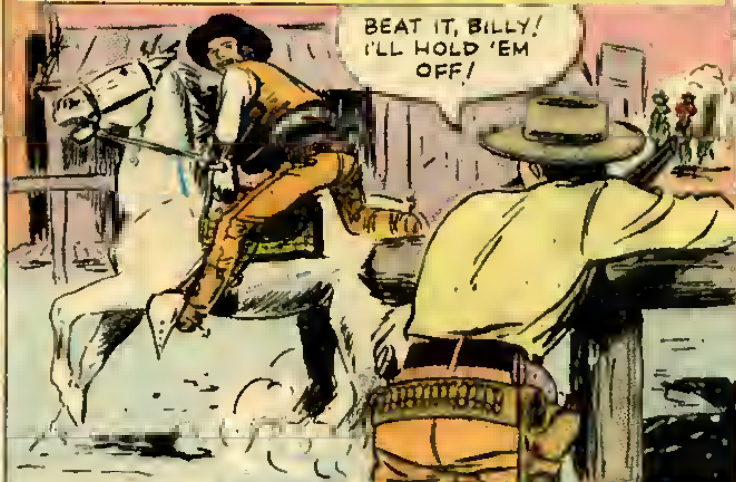
THOUGH DEADLY TOWARD
HIS ENEMIES, THOMPSON
NEVER TURNED DOWN A FRIEND



THEY BROKE ME
AT FARO, BEN

HERE'S SOME
GOLD, PHIL. BEAT
IT BACK HOME

... AND HE RISKED HIS LIFE MORE THAN ONCE IN DEFENSE OF THEM



BEAT IT, BILLY!
I'LL HOLD 'EM
OFF!

BACK IN TEXAS AGAIN,
AND STILL AT WAR WITH
HIS CONSCIENCE, BEN
WAS PERSUADED TO
RUN FOR SHERIFF, BUT
WAS BADLY DEFEATED.
HIS FIRST TRY AT
REFORM HAD FAILED



CHEER UP, BEN.
THE DAY'S A-COMIN'
WHEN LAW WILL
SUPPLANT THE GUN.
WE'LL NEED YOU TO
ENFORCE THAT LAW



MEBBE, BUT THIS
DON'T LOOK LIKE
IT

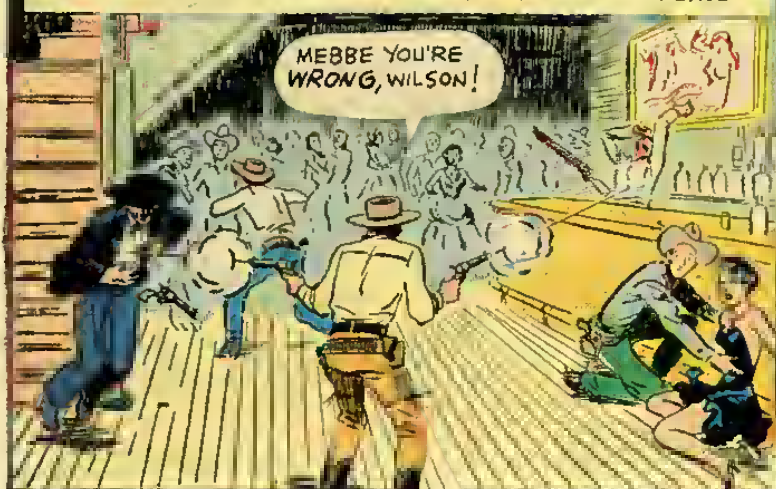
SO BEN CONTINUED
ON HIS GAMBLING
WAY TO AUSTIN,
TEXAS, WHERE HE
BOLDLY WALKED
INTO THE DANCE-
HALL OF HIS
DEADLY ENEMY
"IRISH" WILSON.

WILSON HAD
SWORN TO
KILL HIM...

...BUT, UTTERLY COOL AND FEARLESS, BEN FACED THEIR GUNS...



... AND KILLED THEM BOTH WITH TWO SHOTS, IN SELF-DEFENSE



THEN THOMPSON WAS
ELECTED MARSHAL OF
AUSTIN AND SERVED
WELL THE CAUSE OF
LAW AND ORDER UNTIL...

RECKON I KIN
MIND THEM
IRONS FOR
YOU, BOYS!

GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT,
BEN!



... ONE DAY HE MET
UP WITH AN OLD CRONY
AND RODE TO SAN
ANTONIO TO 'CALL
ON' TWO OLD ENEMIES
WHO RAN A SIDE
SHOW THERE.

BEN HAD COME
TO 'BURY THE HATCHET'
BUT HIS KILLER'S
REPUTATION WAS
HIS UNDOING

HE WAS SHOT IN THE BACK AS HE ENTERED AND DIED
THE WAY HE LIVED...BY THE GUN! KILLERS CANNOT WIN!

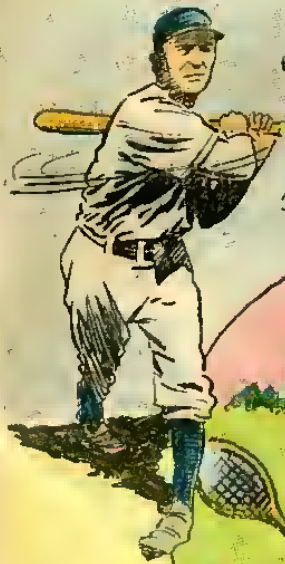


THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

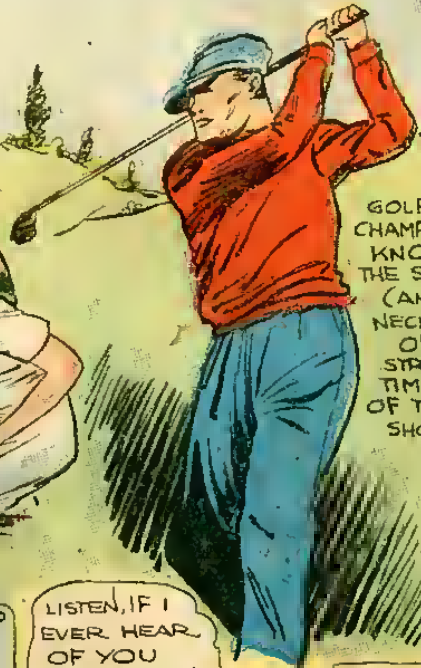
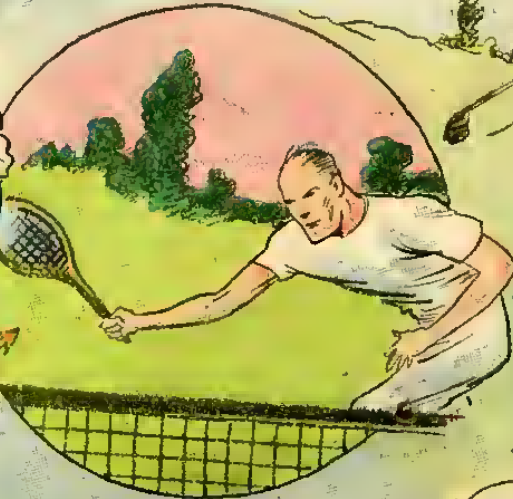
WITH THORNTON FISHER

TIMING IS A MOST
IMPORTANT FACTOR
IN SPORTS—

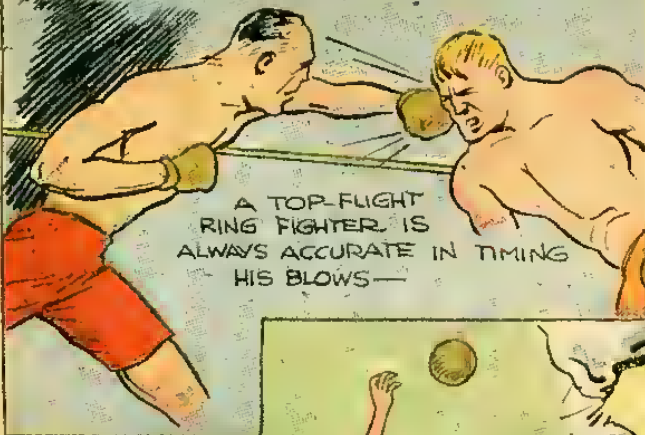
ALL GREAT
BASEBALL HITTERS
POSSESS THE ART
OF TIMING—IT
IS EITHER IN-
STINCTIVE OR
ACQUIRED—BUT
THEY HAVE IT—



THE STAR
TENNIS
PLAYERS ARE
ALL SUPERB
TIMERS—



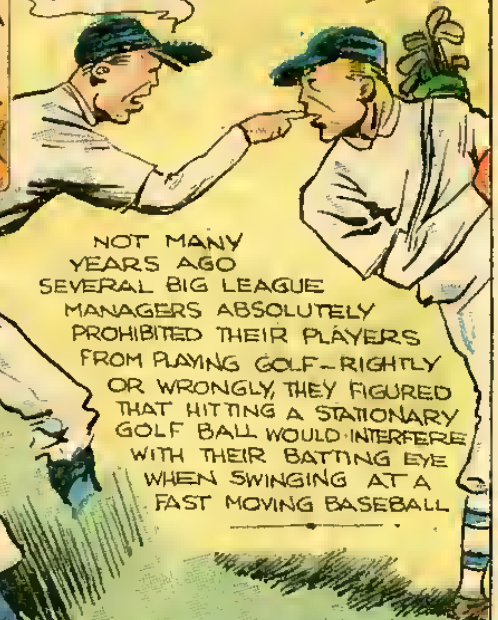
GOLF
CHAMPIONS
KNOW
THE SECRET
(AND
NECESSITY)
OF
STRICT
TIMING
OF THEIR
SHOTS—



A TOP-FLIGHT
RING FIGHTER IS
ALWAYS ACCURATE IN TIMING
HIS BLOWS—

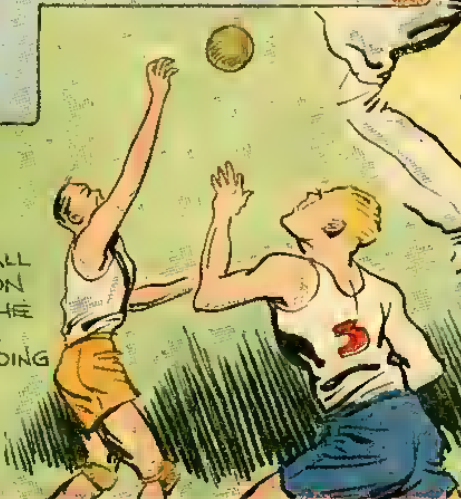
LISTEN, IF I
EVER HEAR
OF YOU
PLAYING GOLF
AGAIN YOU'LL
GO OFF THIS
TEAM—

YES, SIR!



NOT MANY
YEARS AGO
SEVERAL BIG LEAGUE
MANAGERS ABSOLUTELY
PROHIBITED THEIR PLAYERS
FROM PLAYING GOLF—RIGHTLY
OR WRONGLY, THEY FIGURED
THAT HITTING A STATIONARY
GOLF BALL WOULD INTERFERE
WITH THEIR BATTING EYE
WHEN SWINGING AT A
FAST MOVING BASEBALL

WATCHING
FAST BASKETBALL
TEAMS IN ACTION
YOU'LL NOTE THE
EXPERT TIMING
OF THE OUTSTANDING
STARS—



THORNTON FISHER

THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

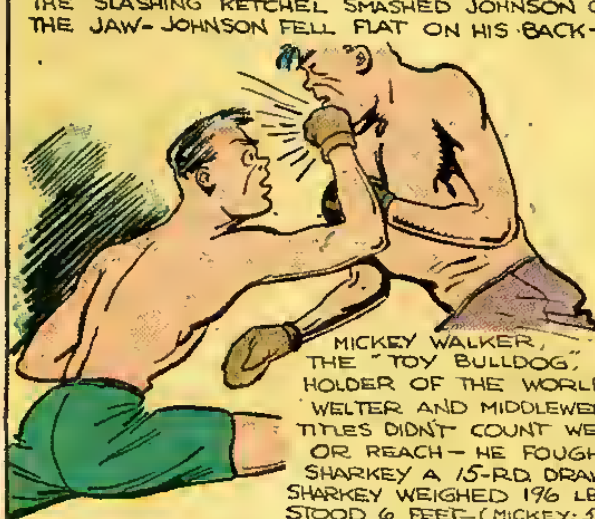
FIGHTING MEN WHO COURAGEOUSLY FOUGHT MEN FAR BIGGER THAN THEMSELVES IN SIZE AND WEIGHT—

WITH THORNTON
FISHER—

STANLEY
KETCHEL,
ONE OF THE
GREATEST OF
THEM ALL, WAS
MIDDLEWEIGHT
CHAMPION—
HE WEIGHED
154 LBS. AND
STOOD
5 FEET, 9
INCHES—

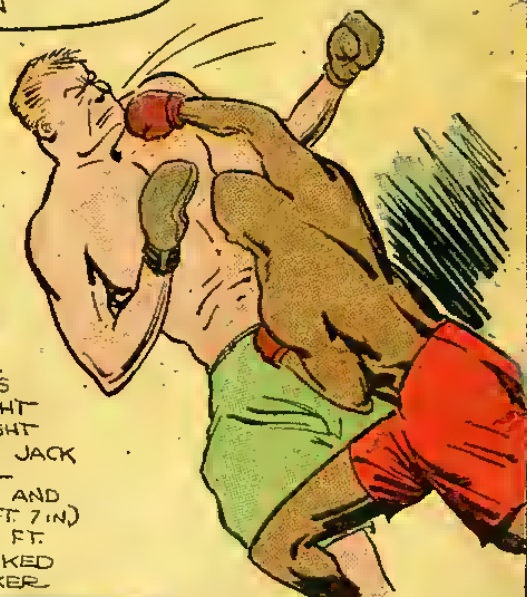
ON OCT. 16, 1909,
HE FOUGHT THE HUGE
COLORED MAN, JACK JOHNSON, AT
COLMA, CAL.—JOHNSON WEIGHED 209 LBS.
AND WAS 6 FT. 3/4 IN.—FOR THIS CONTEST
KETCHEL WEIGHED 160 LBS.—IN THE SENSATIONAL 12TH RD.
THE SLASHING KETCHEL SMASHED JOHNSON
ON THE JAW—JOHNSON FELL FLAT ON HIS BACK—

IT LOOKED LIKE THE
FIGHT WAS OVER AND
STANLEY BORED IN FOR
THE "KILL"—JOHNSON
LEAPED TO HIS FEET
AND A FEW SECONDS
LATER KNOCKED KETCHEL
OUT—STANLEY CARED
NOTHING ABOUT SIZE—

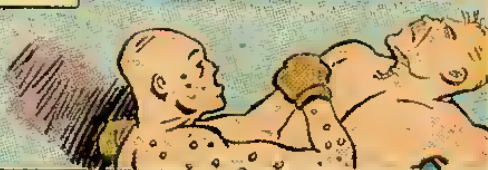


MICKEY WALKER,
THE "TOY BULLDOG",
HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S
WELTER AND MIDDLEWEIGHT
TITLES DIDN'T COUNT WEIGHT
OR REACH—HE FOUGHT JACK
SHARKEY A 15-RD. DRAW—
SHARKEY WEIGHED 196 LBS. AND
STOOD 6 FEET—(MICKEY: 5 FT. 7 IN.)

LATER MICKEY FOUGHT MAX SCHMELING (6 FT.
11 IN., WEIGHING 196 LBS.)—SCHMELING KNOCKED
HIM OUT IN THE 8TH RD.—BUT WALKER
HAD THE NERVE!



BOB FITZSIMMONS
DIDN'T CARE HOW
BIG THEY WERE,
EITHER—HE THOUGHT
THEY FELL
HARDER—



THE GREAT SAM LANGFORD,
THE COLORED FIGHTER,
STANDING 5 FT. 7 1/2 INCHES
TOOK THEM ON AT ANY
SIZE—SAM IS NOW 66
YEARS OLD AND BLIND—

THORNTON FISHER—

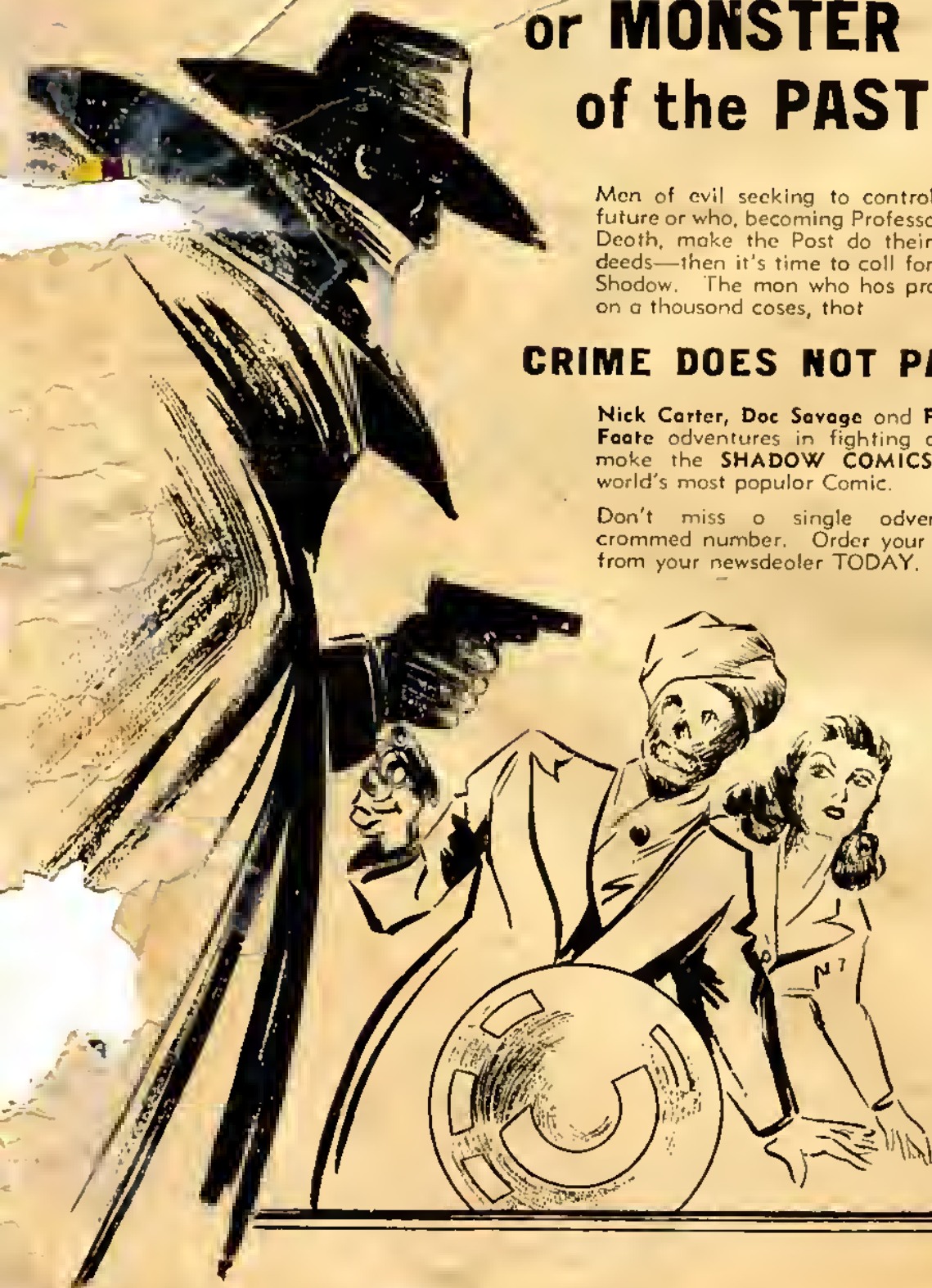
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